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AND

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### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

CHARLES SWAIN.

*English Melodies.* By Charles Swain, Author of "The Mind," "Dramatic Chapters," &c. Longmans.

THEY are "English Melodies" of the most charming character: nationally true in the best sense of nationality, and nationally good in the best sense of poetic composition. Mr. Swain is justly popular among all ranks of people. And why? Because his moral sentiment is always improving, never dogmatic. It steals upon the mind, the reader hardly knows how, and only knows of it by feeling its effects! Because his pathos touches in a like tender manner, and is never obtruded, as if to say, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!" Because his playfulness is not only never coarse, but never too sportive: it is the glance that induces an answering smile, and not the jest elaborated to produce laughter! Because there are a multitude of merely suggestive passages in his writings, on which we pause with a sort of placid delight, as if satisfied with comprehending without defining the thought! Because, in short, his whole art is based on nature, and evolved in simplicity! These are his obvious qualities and principles. Can we wonder that his productions have been so universally successful; and that they are copied and quoted wherever the English language is spoken? It is now our grateful task to show that our opinion is based on sure foundations. We begin, as we should do having a day's pleasure before us, with "Morning":—

"O'er the bending rushes,  
O'er the waving corn,  
Where the fountain gushes,  
Speed the wings of Morn;  
Like a bird in fleetness,  
Singing on her way—  
Fold me in thy sweetness  
Angel light of day!"

"Flow'rets without number,  
As thy footsteps pass,  
Lift their heads from slumber  
Out the dewy grass.  
Down the lowly meadow,  
Up the rising ground,  
Waves of light and shadow  
Chase each other round.

"From the wild bee's humming,  
From the choral throng,  
Know we thou art coming,  
Bringing life and song:  
Oh! thou golden Morning,  
Brightest boon of earth;  
Mead and mount adorning,  
Blessed be thy birth!"

L'Allegro has breathed its spirit into this; and another, more descriptive, is of like beauty:—

"Down the frozen valley,  
Down the mountain side  
Lo, the Morn is coming,  
Like a timid bride:  
High the hill-tops round her  
Glow with sudden grace;  
Blushing as with pleasure,  
When they meet her face.

"Swift the snowy meadow  
Seems to bloom anew,—  
Purple, gold, and crimson—  
Flowers of light and dew!  
See, from thorn and willow  
Wake the lyric throng;  
From each bough of diamonds  
Scattering gems and song!

"Never dawn of summer—  
Never morn of spring—  
From their laps of roses  
Could more beauty fling:  
All the snowy landscape,  
All the bright blue air,  
Seen as pure and perfect,  
As if Heaven were there."

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Then how sweet and British is the following, entitled "A Pale, Pale Cheek":—

"A pale, pale cheek my love but shows,  
But when affection warms its hue,  
Or when with friendship's light it glows,  
A sweeter cheek Love never knew:  
A faint, low voice, my love but owns—  
A voice that trembles, like a tear;  
But when 'tis tun'd to pity's tones,  
'Tis angel soft—'tis heavenly dear!"

"Like stars that o'er the azure pause  
Ere stepping on the path of night,  
Her eyes look down, till Friendship's cause  
Uplifts them with a beaming light;  
So beauty from affection springs,  
So goodness lends an added grace,  
There is no bloom that Nature brings  
Can more adorn a woman's face."

Only turn the leaf, and we have the oft-sung "Lark" rising towards Heaven's gate with a new strain:—

"Wherefore is thy song so gay?  
Wherefore is thy flight so free?  
Singing—soaring—day by day;  
Thou'rt a bird of low degree!"

Tirral-la!  
Scarcely sheer'd from the mould,  
We thy humble nest can see;  
Wherefore is thy song so bold?  
Little bird of low degree.

Tirral-la!  
Humbly though my dwelling lie,  
Next door neighbour to the earth;  
Rank, though lifted ne'er so high,  
Cannot soar like humble worth:

Tirral-la!  
Shall I silently repine?  
When these birds—other airs  
Say no parent race of mine  
Built a nest as high as theirs?

Tirral-la! Tirral-la!  
Give me but a summer morn,  
Sweet with dew and golden light,  
And the richest plumage born  
Well may envy me my flight!

Tirral-la!  
Through the azure halls of day,  
Where the path of freedom lies,  
Tirral-la! is still my lay—  
Onward, upward to the skies!

Tirral-la! Tirral-la!"

This equals the *tire et lire* of the French lyric in sound, with the fine moral lesson attached to it; and one no less instructive is poured out in our next selection of "The Three Callers":—

"Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy straying  
'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;  
She calls—but he still thinks of nought, save playing;  
And so she smiles—and waves him an Adieu!  
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,  
Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn! returns no more.

"Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,  
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,  
One young fair face, from bower of jasmine glowing,  
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm:  
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,  
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

"Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming  
With the thin fire light, flick'ring faint and low;  
By which a gray-hair'd man is sadly dreaming  
O'er pleasures gone—as all Life's pleasures go:  
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door,  
Silent and dark;—and he returns no more."

Mr. Swain is generally the least successful in his Anaerotics; and, indeed, whilst George Cruikshank tragedies the Bottle, he rather reads of a Temperance lecture, than hails it with festive cheering:—

"You say that the Bottle hath friends ever ready  
To serve you, or shield you, whatever betide;  
But if to true Friendship the Bottle be steady,  
'Tis known to be steady to nothing beside:  
'Tis the bloom of the west that in glory adorning  
The banquet of night in its crimson array,  
Leaves a cloud and a tear on the cheek of the morning,  
And darkens the proud independence of day."

If this be so, and we fear there is much truth in

the libel, we may pass to the more sombre realities of human life, the causes of woe and mourning. One of the irretrievable is pathetically wept in the annexed "Lament":—

"Oh! the lost—they leave life drear;  
Evermore—evermore;  
Nothing can restore  
That which made existence dear;  
Pass'd—like music on the ear—  
Evermore!"

"Darkness hath the soul o'erspread,  
Ever dark—ever dark;  
Lost Hope's latest spark;  
For the beautiful hath fled—  
And a shadow wraps the dead—  
Ever dark!"

"Day returns, but not to save:  
Hope is gone—ever gone;  
Life is all alone;  
I read her name upon her grave—  
I hear the moaning of the wave—  
Ever gone!"

Not quite so sad, there is a solemn reflective grace in the next, "The Old Tree":—

"Thou hast many friends, old Tree,  
Friends that oft with garlands wreath thee,  
Many that come miles to see,  
And take their simple meal beneath thee;  
I am old—but none to me  
Come with friends, when I am dreary:—  
They prefer the old gray tree  
To the old man, worn and weary!"

"Age in thee is deem'd a grace,  
Songs in praise of thee are endless;  
Woe, that in the human race  
Age should be unloved and friendless.  
Smiles are things of other days—  
Things that shun the lonely-hearted;  
Friends—alas! in vain I gaze—  
All that loved me have departed."

Of a fine tendency is also the following on the "Sabbath":—

"To him who for six days a week  
Can rarely call an hour his own,  
How sweet to watch the Sabbath break,  
And bless the light that Heaven hath thrown.  
Oh! welcome, more than tongue can name,  
The dearest morn that greets our soil,  
Is that the Sabbath bells proclaim,  
Which shuts the busy world of toil.

"From morn to eve—from morn to eve—  
Still waking but for work alone;  
Oh! heaven, it is a blessed reprieve  
To have one day to call our own;  
One day to breathe a wider span  
Unfetter'd by the bonds of trade,  
To leave the plodding world of man,  
And view the world which God hath made."

We might go on quoting a *Gazette*-full (and we might call it a *Gazette* Extraordinary) of similar feeling, sense, merit, and poetry; but must leave many of the blossoms of rich colours and odours, and many of the flowers of fancy which compose this bouquet, to be enjoyed by the lovers of such gratification in the wreath where the author has so profusely bound them. We have not even attempted to point at the exquisite turns of expression, and the poetry of single lines, which will strike the congenial reader in almost every one of our quotations; but we cannot conclude without exhibiting a variety or two of the Playful to which we have alluded, though, of course, in that class we cannot look for the higher elements that distinguish the more elevated themes:—

"Enough and to spare  
Is an excellent thing:  
'Tis a song—for my share—  
I'd be happy to sing!  
But my pathway is rough,  
And my griefs not a few;  
I get little enough,  
And that little must do!

"Enough and to spare!—  
Oh! the joy there would be—  
Oh! the freedom from care,  
Were that boon but for me!

But my fortune's too gruff,  
Such a bounty to strew;—  
Less than little enough  
\* Very often must do!

"I cannot pretend to say, I'm sure,—  
I cannot pretend to say;  
For absence and silence are hard to endure,  
And love may grow colder each day:  
There's many a bud that ne'er comes to a flower,  
And many a sweet must decay;  
But for loving thee, *ever*, as I do this hour—  
I cannot pretend to say—  
I'm sure—  
I cannot pretend to say.

"There's no knowing what may transpire in a year;  
And thou wilt be *three* years away!  
And the wealth of thy love may be scatter'd, I fear,  
As the bloom we saw falling to-day!  
There's many a flower brings no fruit to the bough,  
And many a heart mourns delay,—  
So, for loving thee, *ever*, as I love thee now,  
I cannot pretend to say—  
I'm sure—  
I cannot pretend to say."

We might close with an example of the suggestive;  
and imagine a foregone life of wretchedness in this  
"Outcast's" farewell:—

"Weave, weave, thou snow, my winding sheet,  
And I will lay me down to rest;  
And when the morning stars shall meet,  
It will be peace in this torn breast:  
Congeal'd upon these cheeks the tears,  
Shall—Misery's witnesses—appear  
To shame the heartless world that cheers  
The most, where there's least cause to cheer.

"For let the wretched cry aloud,  
The poor, the suffering, and the weak,—  
And there's no feeling in the crowd;  
They speak, but as the worldly speak!  
Blow sharp, thou blast,—of all bereft,  
My bosom to thy rage I bare;  
But spare the babe that I have left,  
The helpless, and the guiltless—spare!"

But since there is so much happiness promised else-  
where, we may well ask "What do we here?" Even  
contentment is sorely tried, and the discontented add to  
the evil till they make it a hell upon earth:—

"Ever complaining,  
Nothing is right;  
Daylight is dreary—  
Wearisome night:  
Ever rejecting,  
Quick to destroy,  
The little that's left  
For our life to enjoy!"

We rejoice that our author can find a temporary  
lull, and we finish with the song:—

"Cares, Cares,—who is without them?  
Troubles are plenty wherever we stray—  
Pass round the glass and think nothing about them,  
The more you make of them the longer they stay.  
"Tears, Tears,—who has not met them?  
Sorrow's the dew of life's morning and night;  
Pass round the goblet and try to forget them,  
Speak of the bloom, but ne'er mention the blight.  
"Life, Life,—who would desire it?  
Who for its pleasures would suffer its pains?  
Pass round the glass, for our spirits require it;  
Hide with life's roses the weight of life's chains."

#### NEW ZEALAND.

*Sketches in New Zealand, with Pen and Pencil.*

By W. Tyrone Power, D.A.C.G. Longmans.

TALENT, in this instance, is shown to be hereditary,  
and the son of the much lamented comedian exhibits  
much of his father's vivacity. The narrative, indeed,  
is an off-hand soldierly sort of thing, with more of  
military spunk than literary dignity, and some of the  
terms are likely to "spifflicate" those readers who  
insist on magniloquent language even in Sketches.  
There is nothing of the kind here: our young friend  
and author dashes away, as if he were leading a Party  
to attack a Pa; and does not seem to bother himself  
about the words given, so that the matter is understood  
and the business done.

An introduction states the case of the New Zealand  
Company, from its origin to its latest measures in  
connexion with Government and position last June,  
to which the author's accounts come down. From  
Sydney, in July 1840, he was called upon to  
proceed to New Zealand, and take his share in the  
first expedition against Rauparapa, Rangihiaeta  
and their colleagues and Maori forces. In this occu-

pation he roughed about the country a good deal, and  
a few of his touches will serve to illustrate his talent  
for observation and his style in describing what struck  
him. At Porirua there was some skirmishing, and  
no little hardship from want of commissariat accom-  
modations; and we are told,—

"I reached Porirua the same evening, and started  
again early the following morning for Wainui on foot,  
although the weather continued bitterly cold, wet, and  
blustering. On my way through the Pukerua bush  
I fell in with two Englishmen, and was surprised to  
recognise in one of them a quondam poaching ac-  
quaintance of Tonbridge, and whom I had not seen  
since a boy at school, some ten years ago. He told  
me that he had been in the country for six years,  
and, like all the labouring class, he spoke of it in  
the most glowing terms. The cheapness of food and  
clothing, the temperate and healthy climate, the  
fruitful soil, and various productions, leave scarcely  
anything for the poor man to desire. I had a painful  
walk over the rocky shore to Wainui, with a gale of  
wind and rain in my teeth, and by the time I reached  
my destination my boots were in shreds, and I was  
half dead with cold and wet.

"Aug. 24th.—The friendly natives are now en-  
camped outside Wainui Pa, in two long huts, open  
in front, and not less than 100 feet in length. They  
were busy, when I visited them on the following day,  
cleaning their arms, singing 'hakas,' and making  
speeches, while waiting till the old women opened  
the native ovens, which, well filled with pork and  
kumeras, sent up an appetising steam in all directions.  
After the feast they had a grand war-dance, in  
which the Wainui people joined, so that there were  
not less than 600 performers. It was the most bar-  
barous sight I ever witnessed, and one that utterly  
defies description. One must suppose hell to have  
broken loose to imagine such yells, screams, hideous  
contortions of face and body, firing guns, clashing  
tomahawks, and frightful sights and sounds. Many  
of the women joined in the dance, nearly naked,  
throwing up their arms, distorting their faces, and  
every muscle convulsed like so many frenzied He-  
cates. An old hag, ugly, and withered as the witch  
of Endor, with only one eye, and bent nearly double  
with age and decrepitude, inspired by the discordant  
sounds, seemed to forget her infirmities, flinging her  
naked and withered limbs about, rolling her bleared  
eye, her tongue lolling out from her toothless jaws,  
making her natural hideousness fiendish and disgust-  
ing beyond description.

"In the fury of the war-dance yesterday, our friends  
had breathed nothing but hatred and vengeance, and  
one might have expected them to breakfast on Ran-  
gihiaeta and his men without salt this morning; but  
they are now, on the contrary, as mild as lambs, and  
one can scarcely imagine that the placid, good-hu-  
moured, indolent fellows of to-day are the jumping  
demons of yesterday. As no entreaties would move  
them, Captain Stanley, the seamen, and the armed  
police and militia started this morning for Waika-  
naki to see if example would have any effect."

In dull quarters, a short while after, Mr. Power  
says,—

"This place does not improve on acquaintance.  
The few settlers are a restraint by their presence,  
without being a benefit to our society. The scenery,  
too, though fine in outline, is monotonous from the  
want of foreground and from the little variety in  
colour, always observable in large tracts of unculti-  
vated country.

"All the chiefs of the neighbourhood are constant  
visitors to our mess-room, and they have a happy  
knack of timing their calls as nearly as possible  
about the hours of breakfast and dinner. They are  
generally hospitably entertained, and it is often amusing  
to see a greedy individual helped to a bowl of nearly  
boiling tea or soup, and too impatient to let it cool,  
scalding himself and groaning alternately till he  
finishes it with an expression of anguish that is  
ludicrous to contemplate.

"The unaccustomed luxuries of knife and fork are  
painful innovations, and I have seen an unhappy  
wight manage to cut his fingers with the one and

give his face a prod with the other before he has  
succeeded in grabbing the desired morsel. They do  
not attempt, in fact, to find the way to their mouths,  
but, having succeeded with some difficulty in poisoning  
a morsel on the prongs of a fork, they make a plunge  
at it with so reckless an uncertainty of aim that it  
is quite a wonder they do not sometimes poke an  
eye out.

"One of our constant guests is Pehi, the son of the  
great chief Turoa, who died lately, and left him the  
chieftainship of one of the largest tribes on the Wan-  
ganui river. Pehi is still 'tapu,' owing to the  
ceremonies in which he took part at his father's in-  
terment; but though this adds to his dignity in the  
eyes of the natives, the consequences are very in-  
convenient to himself, as he cannot touch any article  
of food with his hands, and is either obliged to feed  
with his mouth to the ground like a pig, or else is  
helped by the dingy paws of one of his two wives,  
who are constantly in attendance on him.

"The old gentleman a few days ago went on a  
begging expedition for tobacco, as a preparatory step  
to taking his departure for his *own place* up the  
river. He had sent his wives out on a similar  
service, so that he could only receive the gifts of his  
admirers between his teeth, not daring to touch them  
with his hands. In a little while the sticks of tobacco  
accumulated till his jaws were almost strained to  
bursting, and in this state he had to make several  
trips up and down the beach to relieve his aching  
mouth by dropping the load into his box, cutting, it  
may be supposed, rather an undignified figure for a  
chief.

"The 'tapu' is growing out of fashion in all parts  
of the island, and is only maintained in its original  
integrity by Pehi and a few other old heathens of  
the interior, who think their own dignity and im-  
portance are concerned in keeping up the practices  
and customs of their forefathers."

The sporting is very poor, but "in the way of fish-  
ing, much more sport may be obtained, as all the  
bays and mouths of rivers swarm with fish, which,  
while affording good sport to the fisherman, are also  
excellent for the table. Among them the Hapuku  
and Kawai deserve particular mention: the former  
varies from ten to seventy pounds in weight, though  
they have, occasionally, been found to weigh upwards  
of a hundred pounds. Many people prefer them to  
the cod, which they somewhat resemble; they frequent  
the mouths of rivers, deep water near islands and  
bays, and readily take a bait.

"The Kawai is not unlike the salmon in size and  
shape, and, like it, comes up the rivers in shoals  
in the spring. Their advent is hailed with joy by  
both Maori and white man, and their capture is  
one of the most characteristic scenes in New Zealand.  
For about an hour before and after high-  
water, in the Kawai season, the river is a scene of  
the greatest bustle and activity; every canoe is  
launched and hurried through the water with the  
greatest rapidity, while over the stern trail two or  
three lines with shining native hooks attached. At  
these the Kawai jump like salmon at a fly, and  
are hauled in, one after the other, by the men  
stationed at the stern for that purpose; and as each  
fish is thrown into the bottom of the canoe, it is  
greeted with shouts and cheers by the excited crew.  
On all sides canoes are dashing about, some tacking  
across the river, some urged, up against the tide by  
twenty paddles vigorously plied; others with sail set  
are scudding down before the wind; and on all sides  
there is mirth and excitement, songs, shouts, and  
cheers. No regatta could convey the excitement of  
the scene, or the various and rapid evolutions of the  
canoes; and he, in New Zealand, who has not seen  
the Kawai fishing, has nothing seen.

"Besides the Kawai, there is, in most of the rivers,  
a small kind of trout that takes a bait freely, but  
that will not rise at the fly. The flounders are a  
splendid fish, the finest of their tribe; spearing them  
by torch-light is excellent sport. The Snapper, a  
kind of bass, is a fine fish for the table, and affords  
excellent sport to the fishermen.

"There is a kind of white-bait in most of the



in the spring months, quite equal to their Blackwall congeners. The Maories catch them in flax nets, in immense quantities, and cook them in compressed masses in their underground ovens; in this state they resemble a fish-cheese, *si habia tal cosa*, and are by no means to be despised.

"The swamps, ponds, and lakes abound with eels and lampreys of various forms and sizes, some of them hideously ugly and snake-like. They are all of them, however, excellent comestibles, particularly when rolled up in Karaka leaves, and cooked in the Maori fashion. Oysters of various kinds and of excellent quality are found on every rock; and it is a favourite amusement in some places to go out with a stock of bread and butter, a hammer, and a knife, to enjoy an 'al fresco' entertainment; and where, O best of entertainments! there is nothing to pay."

A dreadful murder of the family of Mr. Gilfillan, a settler, and the pursuit, capture, and execution of the murderers, is a frightful story; which we pass for a strange and important reflection:—

"It is a curious and melancholy fact that, notwithstanding the care evinced for the natives by the government, the excellent institutions for their protection, the abundance of food, and their own apparently robust constitutions, they are nevertheless decreasing in numbers with a rapidity so extraordinary, that, if it continues at the same ratio, there will, in a quarter of a century, be scarcely any of them left."

"This is variously ascribed to the change in their food; to the use of the blanket, which encourages cutaneous and catarrhal diseases; to the small number of women as compared with the men; and to their early and indiscriminate sexual intercourse. These and numerous other theories are assigned, all of which, however, put together, will scarcely account for the astonishing rapidity with which the race appears to be fading away."

"The number of native children born is remarkably small, and even these seem particularly and unprecedentedly liable to disease, so that, as the present race goes rapidly off, there seems to be but little hope of a strong and numerous progeny succeeding it."

And still we learn:—

"The natives of New Zealand have been so variously described, that, for an unbiased person, it is difficult to speak of them without being charged with exaggeration and falsehood by the one party, who find them all virtues; or by the other, who paint them black as fiends. Physically, they are a fine race of men, straight, well-built, and muscular, with a great deal of animation in their manner. In their conversation they are lively and humorous, and display a great deal of acuteness in their remarks on persons or things. The women are not generally so good-looking as the men; but, when quite young, they are attractive in their manners, and some of them may be called pretty, while their figures are almost invariably good, and sometimes beautiful. They generally lay themselves out to captivate the pakehas, a system that is approved by the relations and friends, who are proud of the connexion, to say nothing of their more mercenary inclinations for tobacco and money, which, I regret to say, is also the principal object of the ladies' wiles."

"There is abundant evidence in the physiognomy of the natives that they are a mixed race, though, I believe, there is no tradition to that effect amongst themselves. The large proportion have an Asiatic cast of countenance, with black hair and eyes, muscular limbs, and small joints and extremities. But there are many individuals mixed up with them who betray evident marks of a Negro extraction—the woolly hair, thick lips, and dusky complexion, all proclaim their relationship to what was probably the aboriginal race, which has disappeared or become fused in the blood of the conquerors. The chiefs generally belong to the finer-looking race, although they have no distinction of blood among themselves, all alike coming under the denomination of 'Maori.'"

"Communication with Europeans, the acquisition

of clothing, and the dissemination of new ideas, are making rapid changes among them, so that a description of them at present would require much modification in a few years. Where they are unchanged, or only partially so, they are very indolent, unless when war or some strong excitement calls for exertion. In their persons they are filthy in the extreme, and one's olfactory and eyes are grievously offended by the shark oil, red ochre, blue clay, and other cosmetics with which they adorn their persons. They are obscene in their habits, avaricious and grasping in their dealings, bullying or cringing in their demeanour, as suits their purpose, cruel, bloodthirsty, and treacherous in their wars, and without the remotest sense of decency or decorum in their social habits. The very children are adepts in obscenity and immorality, uncorrected by example or admonition from their elders. Where, then, it will be asked, are the good qualities of which we have heard so much? They principally consist in their invariable good temper and light-heartedness, the facility with which they receive new impressions, the ready adoption of improvements that are suggested to them, the willingness and facility with which they learn anything that is taught them, and, above all, a humbugging, wheedling, flattering, and childlike simplicity of manner that takes hundreds in, while it covers as much cunning and selfishness as belong to the rudest and most brutal savage."

"The Maories have two good qualities which are unimpeachable, trustworthiness and honesty; and it is now exceedingly rare to hear of an instance of theft, or of chicanery in their dealings with one another or with the white man. Money, or even their greatest luxury, tobacco, may be left with them without the least risk of any of it being abstracted; and I have frequently seen them entrusted with a gun and ammunition to shoot pigeons or wild fowl, and, on their return, giving an exact account of every charge of powder, and every cap they had expended, although these are among the most tempting articles that can be put in their way."

"Thieving, except in time of war, and by open violence, is looked upon with the greatest contempt, and a man who has been found guilty of the crime is considered a 'tau reka-reka,' a slave."

"It is a pity they do not extend the same condemnation to lying, which is an almost universal failing, and is considered no disgrace whatever. They have not even the Spartan virtue of being ashamed when found out, and cannot comprehend the advantage of repressing the vagaries of a romantic imagination. The consequence is, that the natives are generally distrustful and incredulous; and 'too' and 'teto,' lie and liar, are the words most frequently heard in their conversation, and which they apply to one another and to white men of all ranks without the least hesitation or compunction, and are greatly surprised at the indignation occasionally evinced by the latter at such an accusation."

"New habits are rapidly modifying the old ones; and the change is not always for the better, as they soon learn to drink, and acquire new modes of cheating and lying in addition to their old accomplishments. In throwing off the mat and the blanket, they also dispense with shark oil and red ochre; and the acquisition of glasses, brushes, combs, and clean shirts suggests ablutions that will considerably facilitate a more intimate acquaintance between the races."

"Scrofulous, cutaneous, phthisical, and syphilitic diseases are very common among them, and are, it is said, very rapidly thinning their numbers. The change in their mode of living, and communication with the whites, have produced a great increase in the last two forms of disease, though their own habits are sufficiently ill-regulated to account for it."

"The missionaries have done much towards improving the habits of the natives, and it is only to be regretted that they do not also inculcate good-will and charity to all men, instead of making an invidious distinction between the races. It is a very short-sighted policy, too, as increased communication with the settlers soon shows that they are not nearly so black as they are painted; and as the Maori discovers this, so does

he begin to question the infallibility of his instructors. The missionaries have not always been so immaculate in their dealings as to render the goodness of their motives entirely unsuspected by their fellow-countrymen, and it has been generally considered that a struggle for temporal advantages and influence has induced many of them to set themselves against the interests of the settlers and the peace and welfare of the colony."

"The best disposed and most civilised of the natives are those who have become so by constant communication with the settlers, and even the rough fellowship and dealings of the whalers and sealers of the Southern Island have done more to civilize the natives than the exclusive system of the missionaries."

"The natives are generally very much attached to their children, and the men are almost as often seen nursing and caressing them as the women. The children are allowed their own way in everything, and are very rarely corrected or struck by their elders; hence they are generally self-willed, troublesome, selfish brats, who rarely reciprocate the affection of their parents. It is by no means an uncommon thing to see a father well beaten by his son; and on one occasion I saw an old chief who could scarcely crawl about from the effects of a castigation he had received at the hands of his three grown-up sons, who, against every rule of fair play, had all set on him at once."

With this good picture, which is superior to the modest claim of a Sketch, we conclude; and have only to add, that there are many more lively bits in the text, equal to those we have quoted, and that the pencillings are quite in keeping with the penning. The volume is indeed highly creditable to the rising soldier; and it is very gratifying to us to have the pleasure of hailing his father's son with a hearty welcome to the literary circle.

#### SUMMARY.

*Valerie.* By Captain Marryat. 2 vols. Colburn. We could hardly have guessed this work to be written by Captain Marryat; it is so unlike any of his preceding publications. But neither is it like any other author with whom we are acquainted. There are plots and incidents enow, as the various leading personages appear in the drama connected by Valerie's autobiography, to make three or four light French vaudevilles; and the heroine herself undergoes a great number of metamorphoses. Love, even maternal, turned to unnatural hate, is developed in the character of her violent and passionate mother; and again a similar revulsion of feeling in Lady R—, against a lover who marries her sister, that sister, and her child. The rest of the circumstances "progress" probably enough, and the interlacing of party after party with Valerie's career, afford the writer fair opportunity for clever pictures of life, individual characters well painted, and a *dénouement* very satisfactory to the reader; nor does the narrative, though not so piquant as some of Captain Marryat's productions, fail in those acute and shrewd remarks which give point to the generality of his writings. The whole is pleasant and entertaining.

*The Albatross; or Voices from the Ocean.* By W. H. S. Kingston, Esq. 3 vols. Hurst and Co.

The volumes are filled with sailors' yarns, smuggling, pirating, fighting, slaving, &c. &c., in every quarter of the globe, especially in the West Indies and Africa. It would be strange if there were not something for every palate in such a collection, especially as the author has a dashing air with him, which carries all along with a sweeping sail. The author describes himself as a dark-looking, straightforward, love-making, and harum-scarum jolly tar. He is faithful to his Edith in the midst of all his desperate adventures; he hears tales on every hand and re-tales them, they are various and spirited; and in the end the readers shall see what they shall see, but what is not for us to disclose. Sea terms perplex us now and then; but the book has so much of the brine in it, that we can safely recommend its sea-water, if not Attie salt.



*The Poetical Works of James Thomson.* Edited by James Nichols. Tegg and Co.

IN our first notice of this edition of Thomson we gave it the most comprehensive praise, as a "treasury of nature and poetry;" but we find that we were wrong in supposing (without collation) that any of Mr. Bolton Corney's notes had been adopted *ipsisima verba* by Mr. Nichols. The *Examiner* critic was more correct in saying, that Mr. Nichols had "shown himself quite sensible of Mr. Corney's merits," in freeing the text from numberless errors, which had crept into successive republications. In all such matters it is our earnest desire to be exactly just; but it must be felt, that no reviewer that ever existed could devote the time and labour to every new edition of an author, re-edited every five or six years, so as to enable him to speak of more than a general impression; and especially of one which, in such a case as the present, could not be the slightest imputation upon the farther inquiries and improvements of the newest publication. In all productions of the kind, we take it to be the bounden duty of the editor to avail himself of all the lights and intelligence his predecessors may have elicited; not to copy them slavishly, nor plunder them wholesale, but to use in a discreet and honest way, everything of theirs which can contribute to the formation of a perfect whole. If Mr. Nichols had not done so, he would have done injustice to his design; and all that we would wish to be understood as having meant was, that he had rightly and rightfully availed himself of all the most proper materials, and by his own added research and ability, produced a very complete copy of the works of one of the most deservedly popular authors of any age or country. Mr. Nichols, himself, in his preface, frankly and honourably acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Corney. Having done so, his own contributions ought not to be overlooked. His notes upon Murdoch's life of the poet, which he has adopted as the best, are extremely pertinent and judicious; and those which occur upon the poetic text display both critical acumen and sound judgment, in detecting and repairing the accumulated corruptions of a century. The embellishments by Gilbert, and engraved by Greatbach, are most suitable to their subjects, and pleasing to the eye. Taken altogether, and fairly appreciating its value, we have thought it only consistent with justice to explain our slight mistake, heartily repeat our praise of this volume, which comprehends everything of Thomson from his early years, and is a most complete edition of his poetical and dramatic works.

*The Genius of Italy.* By the Rev. R. Turnbull, Author of "The Genius of Scotland." Bogue.

FILLED with poetical feeling, and gifted with considerable talent, the author, in company with an American clergyman, traversed Italy, and sought for inspiration to write a book in the clime. It might, nevertheless, have been nearly all composed without leaving his library, for the major part consists of sketches of Italian authors, and translations from many of them. The descriptive portions are pleasantly interspersed, and the whole belongs to that class of literature, or Belles Lettres, which is not so much cultivated now as it has been in former times. The work is altogether an agreeable one, though destitute of those forces which are thought needful, in our busy days, to rivet the public mind.

*The Magic of Kindness: the Wondrous Story of the Good Huan.* By the Brothers Mayhew. Illustrated by G. Cruikshank and Kenny Meadows. Darton and Co.

THE moral lesson is of an excellent Christian order—if smitten on the one cheek to present the other; but it is somewhat encumbered by the form of the story, and the working of the imaginative machinery. Yet it will attract youthful minds, and may well be received among the instructive family books. The incidents are founded on historical and other recorded events, such as Androcles and the Lion, &c.; and the illustrations are great attractions; though from having two artists to one tale, we find the Cripple in one plate lame of the right, and in another of the left leg! Poor Huan could not help it.

*A Manual of Elementary Chemistry, Theoretical and Practical.* By George Fownes, F.R.S., Professor of Practical Chemistry in University College, London. Second Edition. Small 8vo. pp. 596. Churchill.

PROFESSOR FOWNES'S design in publishing a new manual of chemistry was to offer to the student commencing the subject an outline of the general principles of the science, and a history of the more important among the very numerous bodies which chemical investigations have made known to us, in at once a compact and inexpensive form. How far he has succeeded is attested by the little manual having already reached a second edition. It is, indeed, in every respect a very acceptable volume, the most condensed epitome of chemical science in the language, and as well adapted for the cabinet as for the class-book, the working processes of the laboratory being illustrated by numerous engravings. *A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, with a View to the Improvement of Country Residences, &c. With Remarks on Rural Architecture.* By A. J. Downing, author of "Designs for Cottage Residences." 8vo. Longmans.

PUBLISHED at New York, and having reached a fourth edition, these views of the picturesque and beautiful for the embellishment of handsome rural residences appear well to deserve the favour with which they have been received. The novelty of introducing North-American scenery, and thereby suggesting, probably, new improvements in English combinations, adds much to the interest of the volume; and though we have had a Loudon to crown the tasteful labours of our own justly-celebrated landscape gardeners, we find it very agreeable to the same requisites and qualities to have this very ample Transatlantic exposition. General principles, indeed, never vary; and with regard to details, we may state that Mr. Downing has left no branch of his subject without full discussion and judicious precepts. From the laying out of grounds, with rocks, undulations, water, wood of every kind, flowers, &c. &c., to the most minute embellishments, he has carefully looked to past authorities, to what art has done, and what nature accomplishes, and out of these data has constructed a whole which is well worthy of public encouragement. A multitude of wood-cuts, &c., adorn and give further value to the copious volume.

#### THE LIVING POLITICIANS OF FRANCE.

*History of the National Constituent Assembly.*  
(Third notice—Conclusion.)

IT will be seen that we have made our choice mostly of persons whose lineaments and performances presented the greatest chance of novelty, leaving the grand Operators to be studied in the volumes where they are traced in a similar style. Our English public are somewhat better acquainted with Louis Napoleon, Cavaignac, Molé, Thiers, Lamoricière, Bugeaud, Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Marrast, de Tocqueville, Berryer, Dupin, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, Considerant, Raspail, Barbes, Blanqui, Sobrier, Caussidière, Cremieux, Favre, Thouret, Garnier Pages, Arago, Marie (the real author of the national ateliers), Leon Faucher, Gondechaux, Felix Pyat, and others; and those among them of whom they know the least they will find cleverly and competently sketched by our author. In conclusion, we have but to express our agreement with him in the judgment that little else than has happened and is likely to happen in Paris could be expected from a populace corrupted by the *feuilletons* and the stage, and perverted by the clubs and the Press. Not to mention the novelists and their efforts, there were between February and June 1848, 171 journals started in Paris, the average of whose demoralizing and sanguinary influence might almost be said to be in proportion to their number.

"M. de Tocqueville saw, both from what he knew of Europe and had witnessed in America, that society was tending everywhere towards democracy, and with this conviction on his mind, it behoved him to examine whether that tendency was for good or

for evil; and it would probably be more just to say, that instead of absolutely arriving at the latter of the two alternatives, he laboured to point out how evil might be prevented by the conservation of all that was good in the old society. This view appears plain enough in the second part of the work published in 1840, which is full of the most sagacious observations. In this work he points out, with undeniable truth, that social equality, which is, in fact, the over-ruling passion of democracy, leads to a general desire for worldly possession, for the sake of equal respectability and equal enjoyment; and yet on this very account he labours to show the necessity that thus exists for employing the counteracting effects of religion.

"That general thirst for worldly enjoyment which attaches to democratic equality, brings with it dangers of a political kind—for as all that is requisite for the guarantee of such enjoyment is that order shall be preserved, the strong hand that can best preserve order will be sure to be preferred. M. de Tocqueville saw that there were fine peculiarities belonging to an aristocratic state of society, the parting with which he could not but deplore; but seeing that the tendency to another form was inevitable, he essayed, in a truly wise spirit, to point out the elements of weakness in democracy with their antidote, which he found in the encouragement of a religious education.

"It may be necessary to explain the relation that exists between M. Tocqueville's book and his parliamentary speeches; and why justice cannot be done to the orator without reference to the author. The reason is this. It so happens, that amongst the remarkable speeches that were made in that ever-memorable debate on the address in the Chamber of Deputies, immediately preceding the February revolution, the least remarkable was certainly not that of M. de Tocqueville, who directly prophesied the coming change. He warned society that it was standing on a volcano. M. de Remusat used a similar metaphor at the *fête* given by the Duke of Orleans to Charles X., about the same period of time preceding the events of July, 1830; and in borrowing so memorable an expression, M. de Tocqueville gave more impressive significance to his meaning. A shout of angry reprobation rose from the ministerial benches at so sinister an allusion; and when the accomplishment of the prediction took place, it may be doubted if the soothsayer got credit for more than a lucky hit.

"M. de Tocqueville claims his prophetic power not as the production of mesmeric charlatanism, but as a rigid deduction from facts and principles, of the certitude of which he felt convinced. He says in this, his present speech, 'I will give you my reason why I believed that a revolution was at our door. All rights, power, influence, honours, all political life, in fine, were confined to an extremely small privileged class, and beneath that class—nothing! I saw that there happened with respect to this class, that which eventually takes place in all little exclusive aristocracies—public life declined; corruption extended more and more; intrigue supplanted public virtues; everything began to shrink and deteriorate. Looking below, we saw the people living, as it were, beyond the pale of all official movement, making a kind of life proper to itself; detaching itself more and more by thought and feeling from those who were supposed to be its guide, abandoned to those who were thrown into close intimacy with it,—that is to say to Utopian and dangerous demagogues. It is because I saw these two classes, the one little, the other numerous, becoming more separated from each other; the one full of jealousy, distrust, and anger, the other full of indifference, not unmingled with egotism and insensibility. It was because I saw those two classes marching on in opposite directions, that I said that which appeared to me well founded: the wind of revolution is rising, and the revolution is quickly coming.'

"This passage is highly characteristic of the orator, in whose eyes events are never accidental, but the rigorous result of circumstances. He may, consequently, be believed when he declares, that he seriously accepts a Republic which he neither helped to make nor desired. It came in the order of events.



But as it has come, he attaches it to the causes that produced it, for sake of removing the same causes, which, if allowed to continue, would bring out something else as little looked for or expected. As it was the exaggerated domination of one class that raised the enmity of another—the Revolution was made to put an end to classes, and not to inaugurate Communism or Socialism, which he held to be general servitude to a master called the State.

"The great Revolution, so far from being hostile to property, has raised up ten millions of proprietors through the sub-division of land; and these were hostile to Communism. Of course he did not omit to present the example of America, where Democracy yet reigned triumphant, and yet where Socialism was held in abhorrence.

"The conclusion which he (M. de Tocqueville) would seem to have arrived at is, that if the Revolution of February be regarded in a Political instead of a Socialist sense, it will endure. It ought, he said in two words, which resumed his whole doctrine on the subject, to be Christian and Democratic, but not Socialist.

"M. de Tocqueville's manner at the tribune is not affected. It is that of an essayist who reads and who comments, rather than that of an orator who captivates, fires, moves, convinces, and subdues. Yet the prestige acquired by works so thoughtful and profound, by a young man in an age so fippant and changing, secures for M. de Tocqueville the most earnest and sustained attention from any audience, no matter how composed, which contains persons capable of respecting the claims of a true philosopher."

M. de Falloux, "a good son of the Church, and not gifted with free power of speech, but known as the writer of the 'Life of Pius V.' In this work de Falloux shows that he would reinstate priestly authority even as it was when this pontiff hurled his imbecile excommunication at the head of Queen Elizabeth. Authority, which with Montalambert is a dogma, is with de Falloux a sentiment. The physiognomy of the latter is such as you would attribute to a pious crusader, as the crusader is represented kneeling in monumental marble. A high pale brow, soft mild eye, regular features, and a pointed beard elongating the oval face. It is to de Falloux, and not to Montalambert, that the Church party look."

M. Dufaure—"Cavaignac owed his position to the toleration of the Rue de Poitiers Club. Being aware that such was the case, he naturally desired to cultivate an open and avowed union as the more respectable and honest rather than this covert support, which was so little agreeable to his pride. At length M. Dufaure and M. Vivien consented to enter the cabinet, and their adhesion was inaugurated by a measure that virtually put an end to martial-law. Two more honourable men could hardly have been found, and yet their nomination was so ill taken that some Republican members resigned offices they held, and the newspapers raised the cry of reaction. M. Dufaure at once became the presiding spirit of Cavaignac's administration. To the Republic he vowed the firmest allegiance, and to his chief—the most perfect expression of Republicanism, in its best form—he became personally attached. If M. Dufaure was sincere, in such an acceptance of the great change as had been made as amounted to conversion, such a fact would have been calculated to produce important results, not only as regarded the stability of the Republic, but in the guarantee afforded by such a man that moderation and probity would, henceforth, be its animating principles. He would, at the same time, have done General Cavaignac the personal service of pledging the security of his own unimpeachable reputation to the country that there was no foundation for those floating suspicions about his Red Republican leanings, that the prudence, firmness, and good sense of his public conduct had failed to remove. The most obvious considerations, derived from evidence of good intentions, fail of effect upon excited political parties.

"The presence of M. Dufaure only served to calm the mind of Conservatives and of the orderly part of the community pending the interval which was to

elapse until the great question of the Presidency should be decided. He caused an alleviation of party warfare without altering party determinations. It had always been the fate of this gentleman to stand either alone, or only to sway a small party of friends. Upright and conscientious, he always was; but it was never an easy question to settle whether his habitual isolation arose from fastidious honesty or mere moroseness. He never could be called doctrinaire, *centre gauche*, or *gauche*, or *droit*; nor did he ever fluctuate between them. Always he preserved his personality. Where he did take, he took strongly. For Count Molé he felt respect and esteem, which the latter reciprocated. With M. Passy he identified himself. But it was new and strange for this cold, reserved man to evince that ardour of devotion which he manifested towards General Cavaignac. Publicly did he declare, that in all his great and manifold experience of public men, he never found one who so completely satisfied his opinion.

"There is something unique in the air and manner as in the eloquence of M. Dufaure. Cold, awkward, puritanical in look, as he ascends the tribune, he would seem the least fitted of men to sway a mixed French assembly, and yet, of all who were in the habit of addressing the house, he was the most effective. Not that he was an orator in the sense in which Berryer, Thiers, Lamartine, or Barrot are orators, but because he was the best of every-day debaters. Without wasting one word in the way of exordium, he went directly to the question, and dull must the hearers have been to whom the subject, after an exposure by M. Dufaure, did not become as clear as light. He was ever received with welcome, for seldom did he mount the tribune except for the purpose of extricating the matter in debate from what would appear inextricable confusion. Sober of gesture, and yet warm as those are warm who are anxious to make clear important truths, he poured forth a stream of lucid language truly refreshing to the mind. In reply, Dufaure is unrivalled, for, without wandering from the point, without wasting a word on extraneous matter, except to throw it out of his way, he goes right to the heart of the question, and, clearing it from sophistry, holds it up like a radiant gem to the eyes of his delighted audience.

"Such a man, without being entitled to take first rank amongst statesmen or orators, and yet rejecting subordinate positions, filled, however, a post which no other man but himself could fill with the same effect. Without being witty or *spirituel*, he sometimes almost became so by his ready clearness. An example may suffice. While he was one day speaking, some rude member of the Mountain interrupted him with the continued growl of *contre révolutionnaire*. M. Dufaure stopped, and, with pungent logic, apostrophised the interrupter. 'Well, I wonder that a gentleman who is more intelligent than I am does not comprehend that he who is *counted* revolutionary is revolutionary.' The fineness of the retort told on his quick-witted audience, and he was allowed to proceed without further interruption. If we have at all succeeded in conveying an idea of this distinguished gentleman's characteristics, the reader will understand that such a man by temperament is republican. As one of the Republicans of the *Gironde*, his mind may, probably, be imbued with recollections of the famous Girondist party. Had he lived at the time of the Revolution, his place would, undoubtedly, have been amongst them. He is fitted for equality rather than domination. His mind has not the expansive range, nor his feelings the breadth, nor his passions the strength necessary to give ascendancy over men. Nor would he submit to the ascendancy of others, for no blaze of eloquence or attractiveness of manner could blind or delude such a man to the real character of the subjects brought within the scope of his examination. Over him there could be, therefore, no mastery.

"This man, able to enlighten and convince, but not to overrule, and repelling at once, by mind and temperament, all attempted domination, is by nature a Republican. His thorough devotion to Cavaignac may be explained not only by the perfect straight-

forwardness and clear-headedness of the Republican soldier, but by a readiness to submit to experienced counsel, which made Dufaure his guide and friend. Such a man would never have conspired against the Monarch; indeed, the Crown was ever anxious to obtain his honest services, and there was no cabinet, however powerfully composed, but would have derived increased influence from his support. When in office, he was accused of yielding too much to a royal master who was singularly gifted with the power of bending all men, coming within his reach, to his purposes. An honest and severe mind may yet give way occasionally where there is an amiability of nature, and Dufaure has, under his reserved and almost repelling exterior, a fund of kindness."

And with this we quit these entertaining volumes.

SIR C. LYELL'S AMERICA.

*Lyell's Second Visit to the United States.*

(Second notice.—Conclusion.)

Passing onward, "often was the question put to us, 'Are you moving?' But at the small tavern at Claiborne it was supposed that I might be the Methodist minister whom they were expecting to come from the North, to preach a trial sermon. Two Alabamians, who, as I afterwards learnt, were under this persuasion, were talking beside me of the chances of a war with England, and praised the British ministers for their offer of mediation. They condemned the folly of the Government at Washington for not accepting it, and agreed that the trade of Mobile would suffer seriously, if they came to blows with the English. 'Calhoun,' said one of them, 'has pronounced in favour of peace; but they say that the Governor General of Canada is spending a mint of money on fortifications.' 'It is satisfactory,' replied his companion, 'to think that we have not yet spent a dollar on preparations; yet I doubt not, if we had to fight, that the English would get the worst of it.' 'Yes,' said his friend, 'we have whipped them twice, and should whip them a third time.'

"I am bound to state, that never once, where I was known to be an Englishman, were any similar speeches, uncourteous in their tone towards my country, uttered in my hearing."

We have a nice illustration of a cause of safety, or the reverse, in steamboat travelling:—

"I had heard much of the dangers of the Mississippi, and even before I left New England, some of my friends, partly in jest, and partly for the sake of inspiring me with due caution, in the choice of vessels and captains, had told me endless stories of the risks we should run. One of them presented to me a newspaper, containing a formidable array of last year's casualties. Fifty vessels had been snagged, twenty-seven sunk, sixteen had burst their boilers, fifteen had been run into by other vessels, thirteen destroyed by fire, ten wrecked, and seven cut through by ice. This enumeration was followed by an account of the number of persons drowned or injured. Another friend called my attention to a form of advertisement, not uncommon in the St. Louis papers, headed thus, 'A fine opportunity of going below.' This, he explained, 'does not mean going to the bottom, as you might naturally conclude (although this is by no means an improbable result of your voyage), but it merely signifies 'going down the river.' Another offered this piece of advice, 'When you are racing with an opposition steamboat, or chasing her, and the other passengers are cheering the captain, who is sitting on the safety valve to keep it down with his weight, go as far as you can from the engine, and lose no time, especially if you hear the captain exclaim, 'Fire up boys, put on the resin!' Should a servant call out, 'Those gentlemen who have not paid their passage will please to go to the ladies' cabin,' obey the summons without a moment's delay, for then an explosion may be apprehended.' 'Why to the ladies' cabin?' said I. 'Because it is the safe end of the boat, and they are getting anxious for the personal security of those who have not yet paid their dollars, being, of course, indifferent about the rest. Therefore never pay in advance, for should

you fall overboard during a race, and the watch cries out to the captain, 'A passenger overboard,' he will ask, 'Has he paid his passage?' and if he receives an answer in the affirmative, he will call out, 'Go ahead!'

The following is remarkable:—

"After we had sailed up the river eighty miles, I was amused by the sight of the insignificant village of Donaldsonville, the future glories of which I had heard so eloquently depicted. Its position, however, is doubtless important; for here the right bank is intersected by that arm of the Mississippi called Bayou La Fourche. This arm has much the appearance of a canal, and by it, I am told, our steamer, although it draws no less than ten feet water, might sail into the Gulf of Mexico, or traverse a large part of that wonderful inland navigation in the delta which contributes so largely to the wealth of Louisiana. A curious description was given me, by one of my fellow travellers, of that same low country, especially the region called Attakapas. It contains, he said, wide 'quaking prairies,' where cattle are pastured, and where you may fancy yourself far inland. Yet, if you pierce anywhere through the turf to the depth of two feet, you find sea-fish swimming about, which make their way in search of food under the superficial sward, from the Gulf of Mexico, through subterranean watery channels."

Of the enlivening anecdote we copy a brief specimen. On leaving Boston a fellow-traveller, we are told, "as if determined that nothing should surprise us, related many diverting anecdotes to illustrate the inquisitive turn of his countrymen. Among other stories he gave a lively description of a New Englander who was seated by a reserved companion in a railway car, and who, by way of beginning a conversation, said, 'Are you a bachelor?' To which the other replied, drily, 'No, I am not.'—'You are a married man?' continued he.—'No, I am not.'—'Then you must be a widower?'—'No, I am not.' Here there was a short pause; but the undaunted querist returned to the charge, observing, 'If you are neither a bachelor, nor a married man, nor a widower, what in the world can you be?'—'If you must know,' said the other, 'I am a divorced man!'

"Another story, told me by the same friend, was that a gentleman being asked, in a stage coach, how he had lost his leg, made his fellow travellers promise that if he told them they would put no more questions on the subject. He then said, 'It was bitten off.' To have thus precluded them for the rest of a long journey from asking how it was bitten off, was a truly ingenious method of putting impertinent curiosity on the rack."

"When my wife first entered the ladies' cabin, she found every one of the numerous rocking-chairs filled with a mother suckling an infant. As none of them had nurses or servants, all their other children were at large, and might have been a great resource to passengers suffering from ennui, had they been under tolerable control. As it was, they were so riotous and undisciplined, as to be the torment of all who approached them. 'How fortunate you are,' said one of the mothers to my wife, 'to be without children; they are so ungovernable, and, if you switch them, they sulk, or go into hysterics.' The threat of 'I'll switch you,' is for ever vociferated in an angry tone, but never carried into execution. One genteel and pleasing young lady sat down by my wife, and began conversation by saying, 'You hate children, don't you?' intimating that such were her own feelings. A medical man, in large practice, in one of the Southern States, told us he often lost young patients in fevers, and other cases where excitement of the nerves was dangerous, by the habitual inability of the parents to exert the least command over their children. We saw an instance where a young girl, in considerable danger, threw the medicine into the physician's face, and heaped most abusive epithets upon him."

The impudent independence of the children throughout the Union, were there no other reason for it, ought to enforce the necessity of comprehensive training and rational education. Our author visited

New Harmony, the head quarters of Dr. David Dale Owen, the son of the celebrated Robert Owen, and the state geologist of Indiana, who, like all the geologists of America with whom our countryman came into contact, paid him the utmost courtesies, and devoted their time to guide and facilitate his pursuits. Thus does science make the world akin. Here we read:—

"Though a large proportion of the mosses and other cryptogamia are identical with those of Europe, we saw no flower which was not peculiar to America. Many European plants, however, are making their way here, such as the wild camomile, and the thorn-apple (*Datura Stramonium*); and it is a curious fact, which I afterwards learnt from Dr. Dale Owen, that when such foreigners are first naturalised they overrun the country with amazing rapidity, and are quite a nuisance. But they soon grow scarce, and after eight or ten years can hardly be met with."

"We spent several days very agreeably at New Harmony, where we were most hospitably welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. Dale Owen. The town is pleasantly situated in a valley watered by the Wabash, which here divides the States of Indiana and Illinois. Some large buildings, in the German style of architecture, stand conspicuous, and were erected by Rapp; but the communities founded by him, and afterwards by Robert Owen of Lanark, have disappeared, the principal edifice being now appropriated as a public museum, in which I found a good collection of geological specimens, both fossils and minerals, made during the State survey, and was glad to learn that the Legislature, with a view of encouraging science, has exempted this building from taxes. Lectures on chemistry and geology are given here in the winter. Many families of superior intelligence, English, Swiss, and German, have settled in the place, and there is a marked simplicity in their manner of living which reminded us of Germany. They are very sociable, and there were many private parties where there was music and dancing, and a public assembly once a week, to one of which we went, where quadrilles and waltzes were danced, the band consisting of amateur musicians. \* \* \*

"There is no church or place of public worship in New Harmony, a peculiarity which we never remarked in any town of half the size in the course of our tour in the United States. Being here on week-days only, I had no opportunity of observing whether on Sundays there are any meetings for social worship. I heard that when the people of Evansville once reproached the citizens of this place for having no churches, they observed that they had also no shops for the sale of spirituous liquors, which is still a characteristic of New Harmony; whereas Evansville, like most of the neighbouring towns of Indiana, abounds in such incentives to intemperance."

In the end we find we have noted another account of negro worship, and with it we must conclude:—

"In the evening we were taken, at our request, to a black Methodist Church, where our party were the only whites in a congregation of about 400. There was nothing offensive in the atmosphere of the place, and I learnt, with pleasure, that this commodious building was erected and lighted with gas by the blacks themselves, aided by subscriptions from many whites of different sects. The preacher was a full black, spoke good English, and quoted Scripture well. Occasionally he laid down some mysterious and metaphysical points of doctrine with a dogmatic air, and with a vehement confidence, which seemed to increase in proportion as the subjects transcended the human understanding, at which moments he occasionally elicited from his sympathising hearers, especially from some of the women, exclamations such as 'That is true,' and other signs of assent, but no loud cries and sobs, such as I had heard in a white Methodist church in Montgomery, Alabama. It appeared from his explanation of 'Whose superscription is this?' that he supposed the piece of money to be a dollar note, to which Cæsar had put his signature. He spoke of our ancestors in the garden of Eden in a manner that left no doubt of his agreeing with Dr. Prichard, that we all came from one pair,—a theory to

which, for my own part, I could never see any ethnological or physiological objection, provided time enough be allowed for the slow growth of races; though I once heard Mr. A. W. Schlegel, at Bonn, pronounce it to be a heresy, especially in an Englishman who had read the 'Paradise Lost.' I could have pardoned Prichard, said the Professor, 'for believing that Adam was the forefather of all the Africans, had he only conceded that 'the fairest of her daughters, Eve,' never could have been a negress."

"Towards the close of the discourse, the minister said 'that a protracted meeting would soon be held; but such assemblies were, in his judgment, becoming too frequent.' He also announced that on Easter Sunday there would be a love-feast, which no doubt would be very crowded, 'and where I hope you will all enjoy yourselves.' He then said, 'Sirs and Madams, I have now to warn you of a serious matter, but I see many of you are nodding, and let every one wake up his neighbour. The sexton, poor man, has more than he can do.' This official, by the way, had been administering with his cane many admonitory taps on the heads of the younger part of the congregation, such as must have precluded them from napping for some time, if their skulls are not harder than those of their white brethren. There was a general stir, and two fat negro women, between whom my wife was wedged in (for the two sexes sat on separate sides), looked to see if she was awake. 'There is a storm brewing,' said the preacher, 'owing to some late doings in Ohio, and I hope that none of the membership will get themselves into a scrape.' The exciting topic on which he then enlarged was the late seizure, or kidnapping, as it was termed, of Jerry Phinney, who, after residing some years in Ohio, had been reclaimed by the heirs of his owners, in consequence of some flaw in his letters of freedom, and brought back to Kentucky. An attempt at a rescue was for a time apprehended, but 500 dollars were soon raised and paid to secure his release."

"When I commended the action of the black preacher as graceful, I was assured that he had successfully imitated an eminent American player who had lately performed at Louisville. 'These blacks,' said my informant, 'are such inimitable mimics, that they will sometimes go through a whole sermon in the same style as they have heard it delivered by a white man, only appearing somewhat to caricature it, because they are more pompous and declamatory; which in them is quite natural, for they are a more demonstrative race than we are. If he addressed them in a plain, colloquial manner, his sermon would seem tame, and make no impression. They cannot talk about the price of a pair of shoes, or quid of tobacco, without such gesticulations that you would fancy it was a matter of life and death they were discussing.' There was a second coloured man in the pulpit, who delivered a prayer with a strong nasal twang, and very extravagant action. The hymns were some of them in rather a wild strain, but, on the whole, not unmusical."

"I learnt that the domestic servants of Louisville, who are chiefly of negro race, belong very commonly to a different church from their owners. During our short stay here, an instance came to my knowledge of a master who, having an untractable black servant, appealed to a negro minister, not of his own church, to interfere and reprove him for his bad conduct, a measure which completely succeeded. We were told of four Sunday schools for coloured people in the city, and in one of them 170 children receive instruction. There are also other schools on week days for teaching negroes to read, both in Kentucky and Tennessee. When I communicated these facts to Americans in Philadelphia, they were inclined to be incredulous, and then said, 'If such be the condition of negroes in Kentucky, they must be better off in slave States than in others called free; but you must not forget that their most worthless runaways take refuge with us.'"

It is almost unnecessary for us to repeat that this work has given us great satisfaction, and well merits the public regard.



## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE VIOLONCELLO.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—In the multiplicity of concerts and musical meetings at present, from Jullien's concert monstre in point of numbers, and the orchestra of the Italian Opera at Covent Garden in point of talent, and thence downwards, one gets confused with the numerous subjects for remark and criticism, and I may add for praise and admiration. It is easy to find fault, but you prefer properly the selection of beauties, and these may readily be found. Let the critic watch for merits, for difficulties successfully overcome, (and the more skilled he may be himself, the better he can appreciate these,) for taste and talent exhibited, and lead the public to a due appreciation of these; and he will perform a greater service than watching for false notes, mistaken expression, and defective execution, &c. With affectation and pretence, however, let him deal as mercilessly as he may think proper. But, to my purpose. An essay or history might be written of every musical instrument, numerous as they are, but I will confine myself to a few observations on one only of a class,—namely, the Violoncello. Some of the English performers on this instrument have never been surpassed, (though I fully admit the skill and talent of Romberg, Piatti, and other foreign professors,) and one has never been equalled,—need I name Lindley? The violin class of instruments is probably scarcely inferior in antiquity to any, but space will not allow much observation on this head.\* The violoncello, or base-viol, or viol di Gamba, or by whatever name it may have been known, was probably of later date than the more portable violin, but there is a representation given in *Instructions du Comité Historique* of a crowned figure playing on an instrument similar to the old viol di Gamba, and played as the modern violoncello, which is stated to be of as early a date as the eleventh century. In the earlier ages, the French and Italians patronised this class of instrumental music more than the English, and the minstrels of Paris had formed a corporation from the commencement of the thirteenth century, and enjoyed several immunities. Among the earliest of the names in their list appears, in 1292, "Henri qui fait des vieles." Charles Ninth of France, in the latter half of the sixteenth century, seems to have been an encourager of these instruments, and had several made by Amari, including, it is said, eight basses. The following extract from his expenses may give some notion of the value of a Cremona in 1572,—“A Nicolas Delinet, joueur de flûte et violon d'uet sieur, la somme de 50 livres tourn., pour luy donner moyen d'achepter ung violon de Crémone pour le service d'uet sieur.” It has been said that Charles the Second brought over and introduced violins, tenors, and basses, as at present known; but this can only mean that he brought over some players, and perhaps improved the style of performance.† The instruments themselves were known here long before; a violist called Robert Daverous is mentioned in the time of Edward the Second; and one of the minstrels of Henry the Fifth is called “Smyth Fydeler,” no doubt from the instrument on which he played, and his wages were xiiid. a day, a considerable sum for those times. Viols and fiddles are frequently mentioned in early accounts of expenses, and in ancient poetry, of which many examples might be given did room permit. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, amongst other accomplishments, “plays o’ the viol-de-gamboys,” that is, the viol di Gamba, which was placed between the legs like the violoncello, and differed but little from it, having, however, six strings, and generally seven frets; the scale of music, therefore, must have been somewhat limited, although there are some lessons in *Simpson's Division-Viol*, (upwards of two centuries old,) which would puzzle a good player now. Simpson uses the term base-viol, which may be found also in many of the dramatic writers; one passage may be

referred to as introducing resin, so indispensable with the bow,—“Thou that dost freeze the mortal guts of a man more than the resined stick of a bass-viol.”—(*Kirk's Seven Champions of Christendom*). Henry, the son of James the First, probably played on the base-viol, as there is a charge of 32l. for a set of viols, and a base-viol for the Prince, in the accounts of James. Ladies also occasionally played on it, to which practice many allusions may be found in our early writers. The power of expression and beauty of tone capable of being produced on the violoncello did not, as I have understood, excite much attention until about the middle part of last century, when Cervetto the elder first brought it into notice. He cannot be called an English player, yet he and his son having performed here for a century may well be considered as naturalized players. The sweetness of tone and finished execution of the younger Cervetto must still be in the recollection of many. Crossdill's firmness of tone and finished style of performance are mentioned in terms of the highest praise by those who remember him, and he was a player of the highest class. I might name Reinagle and Crouch, with others, as accomplished players now deceased, but their skill was more shown in purity of tone and taste in quartett and concerted music, than in solo playing. Of all the performers on this instrument, however, Lindley stands unrivalled, whether for breadth and grandeur of tone, wonderful facility of execution, or exquisite taste and tact for the performance of every style of music; whether playing the first violin part of a trio of Corelli, dilating on the subject as on a theme; or accompanying a recitative at the opera (and what an accompaniment it is); or leading the basses in a Beethoven symphony; or taking up the passages in a conversational quartett; or revelling in and playing with the difficulties of the most complicated concerto; in every case he is perfect, and one would imagine that he had always confined himself alone to the practice of that particular style then before him, until a change shows him equally great in all. Lucas is an accomplished musician, and an excellent player on the violoncello, and well qualified for the lead in orchestral music, but does not profess, I believe, to be a concerto player, though his tone is fine, and the merits of his quartett playing are well known, and surpassed by none. There is a young player of great promise (a member of the Queen's private band), Horatio Chipp, one of a clever family, who is likely to take the first rank as a violoncello player, possessing great purity and sweetness of tone, with finished execution, and perfect command of his instrument, capable of dealing with the greatest difficulties of Romberg, and (which is a great test) of playing a simple unembellished melody. Having had opportunities of hearing him in every style, and lastly at the Royal Academy of Music, where he played a fantasia by Hausmann, calculated both for tone and execution, let him but do himself justice by practice and study of the best masters, and he has every qualification to ensure him success and enable him to take the lead in his profession. There are other performers of considerable merit; let them struggle for the mastery if they will. From a long acquaintance with the instrument, I have been induced to say more than I had at first intended. I pray you to excuse my tediousness.—Yours, JAN. T.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE president's, the Earl of Rosse's, last soirée, took place on Saturday, in Somerset House, and was crowded with men of rank, literature, science, and the arts. As hitherto, the reception was of the most gratifying kind, and a number of interesting objects were assembled in the rooms, and attracted the attention of the visitors. The great feature, however, of all such meetings consists in the friendly and instructive intercourse they encourage among individuals of eminence in all intellectual pursuits. And upon this occasion there was abundant evidence of the pleasure such interchange of ideas afforded.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

June 11th.—Capt. Smyth, R.N., President, in the Chair. Read:—1 and 2. Part of Lieut. Leycester, R.N., “On Santorin or Thera.” Santorin, rarely visited by the English flag, but well known to the Russians and French, rose from the sea at some remote period before the time of Herodotus, and forms one of a series of islands produced by volcanic action, but of so curious a nature as to find no parallel, except perhaps the Island of Amsterdam, on the route from the Cape of Good Hope to Australia. Herodotus mentions Santorin as Calliste, or the Beautiful, a term the application of which must have, in order to be true, been applied anterior to the eruption which left it in its present state. Tournefort observes that the Phœnicians, its ancient possessors, would surely not recognise it again. The present name, Santorin, is, doubtless, derived from its patron saint, St. Irene, who suffered martyrdom in the time of Diocletian: and one or two chapels are still dedicated to her in the island. The group of islands to which Santorin belongs lies about sixty miles north of Crete, and twelve south of Scio. In the course of time they have passed through the hands of the Phœnicians, Lacedæmonians, Ptolemies, Romans, Byzantines, Saracens, Venetians, and at present belong to the new kingdom of Greece. In form, Santorin or Thera resembles a horseshoe or crescent, with the two points elongated, and stretching towards the west. The north cape is called Marco Petra, or Black Stone; the north-east cape, Columbo; the south-east cape, Messa Vouno; the south cape, Exomiti; and the two forming the points of the crescent are, to the north, Cape Epanomeria, and to the south, Cape Acroteri. The distance between these two capes is, in the inner curve, about twelve miles, and upon the outer, eighteen, giving thus an extent of coast to the island of about thirty miles. The eruption which separated Santorin or Thera from the opposite Islands of Therasia and Aspronisi, has left the inner curve or edge of the crater covered with the most frightful precipices, of an iron dross colour, excepting where the summits are covered with a deep layer of pozzolana. These summits vary in height from 5 to 1200 feet. Along the edges of these precipices are built the principal towns of the island—viz., Epanomeria to the north, Merivuli and Thera nearer the centre of the curve or indentation. Nothing can possibly offer a more strange appearance than these towns, perched like eyrie's nests along the edges of these almost inaccessible precipices, and excavated as it were in the vast beds of pozzolana. The inhabitants, the most industrious race of the Grecian Archipelago, have cut in the sides of these cliffs different zig-zag stairs and roads leading to the towns. Arrived at the summit, the road winds along the edge of the precipice, in many places over the habitations, the only existence of which is known from the presence of the chimneys jutting up on each side. To the south is the peak of Mount Elias, rising 1887 feet above the level of the sea, and consisting of limestone and marble. On the peak of Messa Vouno are still seen inscriptions of the ancient city of Thera. Near the southern extremity rises Mount Plataninos, upon the slopes of which are seen many rock tombs; and to the west of Cape Exomiti are the remains of a mole under water, supposed to belong to the ancient city of Eleusis. On the western side of the crater, or the part engulfed by the eruption mentioned by Pliny, are found two islets, Therasia and Aspronisi, fragments of the former Calliste the Beautiful. Their formation is purely volcanic, and upon them are found the vine, some little barley, and cotton. Claudius Ptolemais makes mention of a town, some remains of which may still be seen. Nearer to the shore there are ruins of houses of the middle ages, perhaps Venetian, overthrown as if by an earthquake, and the inhabitants of the island say that, in calm weather, ruins may be seen under water. In 1636, a sarcophagus, with inscriptions (not Greek) and figures of birds and animals, is said to have been dug up, but was unfortunately broken to pieces by the ignorant countrymen. Pliny tells us that Thera, when it first ap-

\* A Welsh translation of the Testament seriously translated *viols of wrath, by crwth!*

† He imitated the French king's band of twenty-four performers, to which, it is said, D'Urfey's song of “Four and Twenty Fiddlers” has reference.

peared, was called the Beautiful, but that Therasia was afterwards separated from it. Between the two arose Automata, or Hiera, which was dedicated to Pluto. Great confusion, however, still exists concerning the names of these different islands. The coasts of Santorin, Therasia, and Asphronisi enclose an expanse of water of near eighteen miles in circumference, which may be termed the crater of the great volcano. The soundings clearly define the vast depth and shape of this gigantic bowl, now filled with water, and the busy lead of the geographer has now exploded the antiquated notion that the part engulfed was unfathomable. In the month of March, 1650, the earthquakes recommenced with great fury, overthrowing many houses, and detaching immense rocks from the sides of the cliffs. These shocks were preceded by drought and calms. In September fresh attacks were felt in all the Cyclades, accompanied by frightful subterranean noises, which continued, with occasional remissions, during the whole month. Much land was in some places submerged, quantities of fig and other trees torn up, and great loss of life, both animal and human, was experienced. At length, amidst the most terrible calamities, a new island was formed, and the catastrophe ceased for the time, again to be renewed after various intervals. Springs of various kinds are found distributed over the island, to which high medicinal virtues are attributed. The former seat of government was at Scurus, but has been removed to the present town of Thera or Phera, where resides our excellent consul Gaspar Delenda. According to the account of Doctor Cigala, a native of Santorin, the inhabitants consist of Christians of the Greek Church, 12,480; of the Latin Church, 583. The latter have gradually decreased in numbers. The population is exceedingly dense, about 1031 inhabitants to the square mile, while Genoa has but 282, Lucca, 135, and Belgium 132 to the same space. The Santorinists are generally robust, tall, and stout. The women are of a lively disposition, sober, chaste, and religious, but slovenly in their persons. There are fifty-eight Greek, and twenty-three Latin priests on the island, a circumstance which may somewhat explain the bigotry and ignorance of the inhabitants. An establishment under the direction of the French Sisters of Charity is, however, of great service to the islanders, among whom public instruction is very neglected. The whole available surface of Santorin is cultivated, and the farms are possessed by 1163 proprietors; and, as the number of families amount to 3124, it follows that about two-thirds of the population do not possess land. Wine, the great staple of the island, consists of two kinds, the rough or dry, and the vino santo or sweet; the first is of a pale straw colour, somewhat resembling Rhenish; the vino santo is dark, very sweet and luscious, and scarcely inferior to that of Cyprus. Almost the whole of the wines are sent to the Russian ports of the Black Sea, whence, in return, Santorin receives tea, salt-fish, caviare, butter, oil, &c. Besides wine, Santorin produces some barley, peas, beans, figs, Indian corn, and cotton. The tonnage of the shipping amounts to 9612 tons owned by eighty-seven merchants, and employing 1324 seamen, principally engaged in the trade with Odessa, Taganrog, Syra, and Constantinople. The temperature in June and July ranged from 77° to 85°, and the most prevalent winds were from the north, blowing at times with great violence.

## SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE recent exertions of several leading gentlemen in the direction, and the Secretary of this Society, and the personal patronage of Prince Albert, have raised it far out of the Slough of Despond, and restored it to something like its pristine activity and usefulness. The exhibition of Etty's splendid works, after that of Mulready's admirable productions, have been reviving measures, and the presidency of His Royal Highness again, on the 14th, for the annual distribution of the prizes, was another encouraging and beneficial event. The room was crowded. His Royal Highness, in addressing the meeting, congratulated them on the satisfactory progress that had been made, and expressed a belief that the awards of the

Society would conduce much to the advancement of the various branches of manufactures and arts which it was instituted to promote. He alluded to his own two medals, one for a good cement to bind glass together, and the other for improvements in the production of sugar; the first of which had not been bestowed, but the last (large gold) assigned to Mr. J. A. Leon, for his paper on the "Cultivation and Manufacture of Sugar." Three other medals were adjudged for other papers on the same subject. His Royal Highness took a glance at the West India interests and modes of cultivation, and dwelt upon the subdivision of labour as a necessity for success to them, as it was in this country to all classes of producers and manufactures. His Royal Highness also alluded to the pictures glowing around them, and called on Mr. Scott Russell, the Secretary, to read the report, which he did. It showed that since last year the Society had doubled its number of members, and also doubled its income from 800*l.* to 1600*l.*, besides greatly extending its other means of influence. Steps had been taken, in conjunction with Government, to open a grand exhibition of manufactures, &c., in 1851, similar to the Expositions in Paris. There were six prizes in the sections of Trade and Manufactures: the five for sugar, which we have noticed, and one to Mr. James Johnson, for a sample of Cashmere wool, and his efforts to introduce it into New South Wales. In the section of Fine Arts and Manufactures there were fifty-three prizes; in Chemistry, three; in mechanics, ten; the two gold medals being for improvements on the electric telegraph, by Messrs. Highton. Mr. N. J. Holmes, Mr. Moffat, Mr. Redgrave, Mr. Rotch, the Bishop of Norwich, &c., addressed the meeting on several points connected with the award of the prizes, commenting on the advantages that might arise out of the application of practical science to sugar-making, to the importance of schools of design, as yet but too little thought of by our manufacturers; and to the value of industrial schools, for establishing which, at Norwich, Miss Stanley, a daughter of the Bishop, obtained an honorary testimonial, and 5*l.* for division among the children who were taught lace-making; and her Majesty was stated to have done the same at Windsor for instruction in household economy, such as cooking, knitting, keeping accounts, &c. The Chevalier Bunsen moved the acknowledgments of the Company to the President, whom he complimented on the judiciousness of his remarks; and the proceedings terminated in the most gratifying manner.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, June 11.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelors of Divinity*.—H. Bailey, G. Bainbridge, F. S. Bolton, G. F. Reyner, St. John's; J. R. Crowfoot, Caius; H. G. Williams, Emmanuel.

*Bachelor of Medicine*.—W. A. Lewis, Caius.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. H. Smart, Trinity; W. Stockdale, St. John's.

The Rev. M. Mitchell, M.A., University College, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem*.

On Tuesday last the Chancellor's gold medal for the best English ode or poem in heroic verse—subject, "Titus at Jerusalem"—was adjudged to H. Day, of Trinity Hall, who was a successful competitor for the same prize in 1847.

OXFORD, June 14.—The following members of the University of Cambridge were admitted *ad eundem*:—

The Venerable Archdeacon J. Jones, M.A., the Rev. J. Pedder, M.A., St. John's; the Rev. H. Dupuis, M.A., the Rev. C. Abraham, M.A., King's; the Rev. J. Morant, M.A., Magdalen.

150*l.* was voted for books printed at the University Press, in aid of the formation of a library at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury.

The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—E. R. P. Bastard, Sir J. Gibbons, Grand Compounders, Balliol; Rev. G. G. Tupper, Grand Compounder, Trinity; Rev. H. O. Wilson, Grand Compounder, Rev. C. B. Waller, Rev. C. Warner, Worcester; Rev. T. Bayley, Rev. J. Fortescue, Edmund Hall; Rev. W. F. Hood, Exeter; Rev. D. Robertson, Christ Church; Rev. H. R. Wadmore, R. F. Mallet, Pembroke; Rev. R. Fisher, Brasenose; Rev. T. Pearce, Lincoln; Rev. G. Bright, Rev. R. G. Hautenville, University; J. Goff, Oriel.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—F. Fyler, J. Kempe, Exeter; F. Barchard, T. H. Hunt, Christ Church; J. Croome, Brasenose; G. H. E. Merewether, Oriel; G. H. Beever, J. C. Vincent, Jesus.

## BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Council Meeting.—June 13th.—Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt exhibited a number of drawings of the Roman fideles vases discovered on the site of the villa at Headington, preparatory to an illustrated report he is drawing up for the Journal. Mr. W. H. Black announced the discovery of a quantity of Roman denarii, in Essex, between Billericay and Rochford. They had been secured, by the exertions of Mr. Black, for the Association. They ranged, he understood, from Commodus to Philip. The Rev. C. Wellbeloved also communicated a descriptive list of consular and early imperial denarii recently found in Yorkshire. The Roman villa at Ixworth, it was stated, was being excavated by the Bury Archaeological Institute, and the arrangements for the Chester Congress were fully discussed. The meeting is to take place on Monday the 30th July. Tuesday is to be devoted to the city; a lecture, On the Records of the Palatine, to be delivered by Mr. Black, in the forenoon; and, On the Roman Antiquities, by Mr. Roach Smith, in the afternoon. An excursion was arranged to Conway, on Wednesday, after service at the Cathedral. Thursday was to be devoted to the other side of the water, Liverpool being the rallying point. Friday, to various excursions, with a public dinner and soiree in Chester. And Saturday, after the closing meeting, it was understood that a public breakfast was to take place. The President and Lady Albert Conyngham have signified their intention of being present; and the congress may be expected to be more than usually attractive in communications and excursions favourable to the progress of the science of archaeology.

## SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

June 12th.—Dr. J. Lee in the chair. Mr. Nash and Mr. Alexander made a report of their examination of Dr. Lee's papyri, of which they had also made careful fac-similes. Many words and several sentences had been made out tending to show that the whole was a Christian homily relating to doctrinal points, and not, as had been supposed, a portion of the Gospel. Dr. Lee expressed his intention to publish the fragments in question. Dr. Beke made a communication upon the site of the supposed snowy mountain of Kilimandjara, which led to a discussion as to its elevation and distance from the sea, as also as to whether Mr. Rebmann had been mistaken upon the subject of its being a snowy mountain. Mr. Nash pointed out the inconsistencies of the missionary's statements, which favoured that view of the subject. Mr. Ainsworth and Dr. Beke, on the contrary, admitted the testimony of the missionary, until that testimony should be falsified by better data than mere controversial scepticism. Dr. Lee expressed his hopes that an explanation would be obtained from proper quarters as to the cause of the failure of Dr. Bialoblotsky's expedition. In a communication that followed, "On the Topography of Nineveh," the secretary, Mr. Ainsworth, after pointing out the received distinctions of Assyria proper and of the Assyrian empire, proceeded to argue that whichever of the disputed versions of Genesis x. 11 is adopted, it still remains certain that there was an Assur or Athur existing before the foundation of Nineveh. That the Arabian geographers Yakut, Abulfeda, and Ibn Said, describe the ruins of the modern Nimrud, as those of the said Asshur or Athur (sometimes Akur with a kaf.) That Mr. Rich, in his *Kurdistan*, (vol. ii. p. 120,) the Rev. N. Morren, in *Art. Assyria* (Cyclop. of Bib. Lit.), and Dr. Layard in his *Nineveh*, &c., (vol. ii. p. 245,) admit that all well-informed natives designate Nimrud as Al Asshur or Athur. That the name which occurs in the inscriptions found in the north-west edifice at Nimrud, has been read by Major Rawlinson as that of the Asshur of Genesis, and that Dr. Hincks has also published his conviction that the first word of the inscription is either the name, or an abbreviation of the name of Athur; but the Doctor also adds, which is a *non-sequitur*, that the same name stands for the city, of which the historical name is Nineveh. That Dr. Layard's archaeological investigations have already



shewn that the builder of the central palace—the second, in succession of time—at Nimrud, also erected edifices, if he did not found the sites of what are now called Bāsšeikha and Kalah Shirgat. That Dr. Layard also admits that the more modern Assyrian ruins at Koyunjik, Khorsabad, and Karamles, represent the Nineveh of the books of Jonah and Nahum, and of profane history, and of travellers. But Dr. Layard also comprises within the same denomination a palace of the same age that was erected upon the ruins of Asshur. That taking Dr. Layard's own map, and laying down upon it, as proposed by that gentleman, the extent given to Nineveh by Diodorus Siculus, taking the value of the stadium as proposed by Dr. Layard, or, as Mr. Ainsworth would prefer, as proposed by Major Jervis (667·62977 f.), the great mound of Nimrud, Koyunjik, Karamles, Bāsšeikha, Khorsabad, &c., cannot be brought into that area. That the distance of Nimrud from Mosul is, according to Yakut, eight farsaks; of Larissa (Nimrud) to Mes-pila (Mosul), according to Xenophon, six parasangs; of Nimrud from Yarmuk, eighteen geographical miles, according to Mr. Ainsworth's researches; and from Nimrud to Koyunjik, in Dr. Layard's map, twenty-three geographical miles, whereas the long sides of the square, as described by Diodorus Siculus, give only sixteen and a half miles. So also from Nimrud to Karamles is a distance of sixteen geographical miles, whereas, according to the measurements of Diodorus Siculus, the shorter side should not exceed nine or ten miles. Mr. Ainsworth then showed upon a map of Assyria on a large scale, which he had drawn up, that no arbitrary grouping of the Assyrian ruins would be satisfactory at the present moment. That, in any case, as many sites as Jerraiyah, Tel Escoff, Tel Kaif, Bāzani, Hussein, Tel Yakub, Keshaf, Tel Shir, Hamman Ali, &c., must be left out, as could be got into a Nineveh so laid down; but that if such a grouping were made, Bāsšeikha, Bāzani, Karamles, and Nuniyah, would come together with far greater topographical aptitude than the group proposed by Dr. Layard, and which would exclude Bāsšeikha, monumentally established as the site of the palace of the successor of the builder of the north-west palace at Nimrud; that such a grouping would also best meet the descriptions of the site of the historical Nineveh, left to us by Herodotus, Pliny, and others. That if when Strabo said, "between the rivers," he had had Nimrud in his mind, he would, with his customary accuracy, have said "at the junction of the rivers;" and that, finally, that in the present state of the inquiry, there are no other data than that Nimrod or Ninus, or his or their successors, erected and continued to erect edifices at Athur, one of the oldest cities of Assyria proper, and that the second dynasty also erected edifices at the same spot, after its fall, and the rise of the historical Nineveh, to identify the one with the other, but that the greater number of probabilities, at least topographically speaking, are that the two sites were always distinct, and that Athur or Nimrud was a separate site from the abode of Ninus, as well as from the historical Nineveh.

*Saint Cross.*—Mr. Baigent of Winchester has communicated an account of some mural paintings recently found, to the Archaeological Association. The Hampshire Independent states that the Earl of Guildford has ordered them to be re-whitewashed!

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—Geographical, (On the City of Abila and the district called Abilene, near Mount Lebanon, by Mr. John Hogg, Hon. Sec. R.G.S.; Physical Geography of Palestine, by Colonel Wüstenberg; Construction of Maps upon the Walls of Corridors, &c., in Public Buildings, by Mr. Saxe Bannister, with Remarks by Mr. G. B. Greenough,) 84 p.m.  
*Tuesday.*—Medical and Chirurgical, 84 p.m.—Civil Engineers, (On the Ratio between the Strength of Rails and the Weight and Speed of Locomotive Engines, by Mr. G. W. Buck,) 8 p.m.—Zoological, 9 p.m.

*Wednesday.*—Archaeological Association, (Council Meeting,) 84 p.m.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Royal Botanic, (Promenade,) 34 p.m.

*Thursday.*—Royal Society of Literature, 4 p.m.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### Sculpture.

No. 1196, marble group, "A Nymph of Diana taking a Thorn from a Greyhound's Foot," *R. T. Wyatt*. Without the slightest question, this not only takes precedence of all the works here, but is one of those perfect productions with which we so seldom meet, though which, when met, never are forgotten, but linger on the memory through life. As all works should, it tells its own story. You do not require a catalogue to proclaim the subject. Independent of its claim as a chaste conception, the carving is so intricate and admirably done as to be to us perfectly marvellous. The anatomy of the dog is beautifully preserved. Higher praise than saying it is in every point perfection we cannot bestow. It has often occurred to us, and we may here mention it, we do not wish to rob Mr. Wyatt of any merit—far, very far from it—but when a painter has his works transferred to copper, or a sculptor either, the engraver's name is always to be found upon the plate, and he claims some share in the new form of its production. Surely, then, the name of a man who could so beautifully translate this into marble, ought to be found on some corner of the work. It was the custom so to do during the time of Wilton, Kent, and Scheemakers, and we know not why it ever was abandoned. This, we repeat, detracts nothing from the author of a work, because the slightest reflection will show, though everything must be under the direction of the master mind, yet it is absolutely impossible he can produce all. Take Chantry as an example: the execution in marble of his portrait statues alone was the labour of one man's life; and we remember he remarked to us one day, so numerous were his busts, "that, throughout my whole career, that man," said he, pointing to a workman, "has done nothing else."

No. 1197, "Cupid and Psyche," basso relievo, in marble, *P. MacDowell, R.A.*, most carefully and highly wrought, full of that softness and grace peculiar to the doer. No. 1199, "Eve," a model, by the same. We do not wonder that sculptors are frequently led to choose this subject, it is a tempting and an ambitious one; at the same time we know the difficulties are so great—namely, the embodiment of a perfect form newly from the hands of the Deity—that the wonder is still less at the frequent failures; with the single exception of Baily, for no one but himself has ever endowed the figure with the attributes that distinguish it from, or elevate it above, the earthly, and hence it is that up to this time we recognise that alone as Eve. Here we have form most beautifully modelled, and of a very high class, yet not high enough to lead us to think it is the type of God's creation.

No. 1198, Marble statue of "The late Countess of Elgin," *J. Steel*, so completely enveloped in bad drapery as quite to destroy all form.

No. 1204, Marble statue of "Sir William Follett, M.P.," *W. Behnes*. Most of the works in the present exhibition by this artist seem hurried and half finished, this statue particularly, and in fact it appears to have been modelled so that there should be as little work as possible, and in consequence wants relief by deep shadows—it certainly is not a title so good as his "Dr. Babington," in St. Paul's. No. 1205, A marble statue, "A Nymph Startled." A nude statue is a rarity from Mr. Behnes, nor will this add to his fame; the general character is that of voluptuousness, with a very sensual face; the leg upon which the body is posed is much out of drawing, and, viewed from the left side, awkward in the extreme. No. 1238, "The Bishop of Norwich," is far from successful, but No. 1240, "Sir Felix Booth," No. 1305, "Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes," and No. 1267, "Charles Barry Esq., R.A.," are all excellent.

No. 1200, a group in marble of "The Graces," *E. H. Baily, R.A.* We have long anticipated that the exhibition of this group would be a great treat. For some years we have occasionally seen parts during its progress in modelling and execution in marble, and thought most highly of it, but now that it is complete, we are compelled to admit it does not give the

satisfaction, or create the impression we had foreboded. That it is a work of very high order and originality, there can be no question. Mr. Baily, in his ambitious and onerous undertaking to produce a group of the Graces, which should differ, and that essentially, from Canova or Thorwaldsen, selected the sitting posture for the centre, and a sister reclining on each side, giving thereby great scope; and he has produced an entirely new combination of the divine trio. Hence it is we avow its originality, whilst acknowledging that in Canova's, and even Thorwaldsen's groups, there is always an air and an undue appearance of the fantastical forcing itself upon the beholder, from which this group is perfectly free; yet it has, with the exception just made, precisely that unity of purpose, the absence of which we here lament, and without which, however great its merits and our admiration may be, we cannot pronounce it perfect. The sculptor's mind does not seem to have grasped it as a whole, but having once settled the form, rather to have devoted himself to the disposition of individual limbs and lines. So much for the composition; and in the execution we suspect it has suffered severely. Many parts we reject altogether as utterly bad. The neck and leg of the centre figure are hard and angular; the right arm of one is quite lifeless; and though many may not be able to explain why it is unsatisfactory to them, yet it is a great mistake on the part of the sculptor to suppose its effect is passed by unheeded, even by the uninitiated. We have said parts of it we reject; we do so owing to the entire absence of that softness and blending of the one part into another by gentle gradations, and refer particularly to the bosoms; they appear perfect circles, as hard and round as bullets. The property wanting is always to be found in nature, especially of a character elevated as it here should be. It may be said the light is unfit; admitted. Mr. Baily is one of the few sculptors who are members of the Royal Academy, has the right, we presume, and uses it, of arranging his own works, and if he, with the chosen who are most interested, will not urge the necessity of some change, he must expect to suffer, but if he does, with all his privileges, how much more must others?

No. 1208, "Statue of the late John Flaxman." Some time since a subscription was opened to erect a statue to this good and gifted man. We believe the late Mr. Watson was proceeding with the work at the time of his decease; what became of it we never heard. Watson had all the soul for it; he walked steadily in Flaxman's path. He gone, what man so fit as Baily, Flaxman's own pupil; and this is an excellent half-size model for the purpose.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

*Mr. Elty's Pictures.*—It would be hard to bring together the works of any of our painters that would so well exemplify the intent and bearing of a one master exhibition, and the high pretensions of our school, as those now to be seen at the rooms of the Society of Arts. Those who form their idea of Elty from his pictures of the last ten years, have but a very imperfect notion of his powers; of late years his works have been more remarkable for fine colour, than either drawing or composition. The large picture of Joan of Arc, though possessing many fine points both of colour and drawing, cannot be thought equal to many earlier productions now to be seen, such as the "Judith and Holofernes," work that will bear a comparison with the old masters, without suffering at any point. The Duke of Sutherland's picture, called "A Composition from Paradise Lost," painted in 1828, is wonderfully brilliant, and almost dazzling in the arrangement of colour, and light, and shade; the drawing too is very fine; the attitudes of the figures, as they dance round in every fantastic pose, are most expressive and original. Another picture, a "Choice of Paris," the property of A. Fountaine, Esq., is in every respect a magnificent painting, brilliant and forcible in colour, yet delicate and pure in tint as Guido in his later works, with all the richness and beauty of Titian. No. 96

is also a very beautiful Titianesque picture, the foreshortened figure admirably drawn: this was also painted in 1826. "The Bather," however, which many will remember in the Academy exhibition of 1843, and now the property of W. J. Broderip, Esq., exhibits some of the master's finest qualities; it is very charming in the delicacy of the grey half tints over the flesh, and the modest expression of the figure enhances much the beauty of the picture. The "Cleopatra" picture, sent by Rt. Hon. H. Labouchere, painted and exhibited in 1821, will not fail to attract the notice of the visitor, with its many excellent qualities. A very interesting picture is the portrait of the master, painted in 1825, by himself, and never before exhibited: it is fine as a picture, and has all the requisites of a good portrait. Connoisseurs, amateurs, and painters, will see this exhibition with feelings of delight and pride; it is eminently calculated to raise the position of the school to which the great figure painter is such an honour, and to promote the desirable end the Society has in view.

*Jullien's Bal Masqué.* By Alfred Crowquill.  
Sidebotham.

HONOUR to humour and the Arts! No class of entertainments in London has so degenerated (if indeed it ever flourished congenially in this country) as masquerading. We are too matter-of-fact a people, too serious even in our amusements, to enter fully and freely into these grotesque and fantastic pleasures. A vast per centage of us, to employ the phraseology of trade, is so much and so unremittently engaged in business pursuits, that when we do relax, our relaxations are not of a slight and frivolous nature, but rather sorts of outbreaks from restraint and plunging headlong and almost violently into some opposite extreme. We often get riotous, and knock down policemen; we are invariably disposed to resist all authorities; we rush to the recreation as if it were a toil to be got through with our usual energy and perseverance, till accomplished, and we can rest our tired and fevered limbs, and resume work, as if that were the relief from misadvised enjoyment. A nation of shopkeepers makes a poor nation of dancers, persiflage does not sit well on solidity; and we are much inclined to think that the smaller elegancies and refinements of life (including music, notwithstanding all the fuss made and the expense laid out upon it) are not quite at home in the general habits of Magna Britannia.

Yet in spite of all this anti-sympathetic disposition, Alfred Crowquill has contrived to produce *Masquerade* in picture, which, whatever it may be in realization, is most lively and entertaining. The invention is rich, the characters admirable, the satire pungent, and the revelry superb. Then the costumes, the assumption of strange disguises, and the incidents of the scene, have afforded the artist full scope for his pictorial colouring, his exuberant fancy, and his racy drollery. "Smith, your wife is in the boxes," is a settler. There are the curtain lecture in embryo, the tears, the reproaches, the miseries attendant upon that single false step. Poor Smith! better he had never attempted the light fantastic toe, so prolific of heavy treading on his corns. Let all of the hallowed name take warning! The jealous devil with his fork will certainly pitch it into that "gentleman" if he dances again with his pretty imp of a partner. The Duck is a duck of the first waddle; and the Lion and the Lamb, a match piquant in the extreme, and foreboding a prophetic event. The bold man going into action is not so good in caricature, saving the capital attitude of the castnet-player; but the attitudes throughout are delightful. Every new addition is only another piece to admire and laugh at. Fools make excellent husbands, is a questionable axiom, but Crowquill has certified it in a manner not to be mistaken. The fun of the two sea-creatures is very ludicrous; and perhaps the crown of all is "The Early Bird,"—the yawn is indescribable, and the way in which the little witch would banish sleep is not so flowery in substance as in show. But we are scribbling in vain. Crowquill's talent in this line, to be appreciated, must be seen. The twelve groups he has sketched and

lithographed are equal to the most prized, with which we are acquainted, in Parisian art, and the brilliancy of colouring and vivacity of the series, entitle it to as popular a rank as any performance of the kind has ever reached.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Thursday, June 21, 1849.

AFTER visiting the exhibition of the works of living artists, which has just opened in the Palace of the Tuileries, the exclamation that rises involuntarily to every lip is, *La Révolution a passé par là*; you see the passage of the fell visitant in the small number of works exhibited—(only 2586 of all kinds)—in the absence of many of the great masters of the day—in the very indifferent character of the whole exhibition—in the want of any one great work which sets every eye admiring and every tongue talking—in the strange aspect which the once regal halls present—in the mingled gloom and surprise which seem to hang over the crowd, at seeing such an exhibition in such a place—and, finally, in the care-worn features, and the seedy clothes, of that once jovial, rollicking, devil-may-care race, the *ouvriers* of the pencil and the easel.

The exhibition consists of 2586 works, including 265 pieces of sculpture, 108 architectural designs, 72 engravings, 48 lithographs. Not only is the general character of the paintings inferior to that of preceding exhibitions, but it has some peculiar features—as, for example, fewer battles and religious pieces, more scenes from the first revolution, some illustrations of the revolution of February, and of the horrid civil war which drenched the streets with blood in June, and lastly a vast multitude of portraits, of all degrees of merit, and of all sorts of personages. Horace Vernet has only one piece, "A Portrait of General Cavaignac," admirably executed, and an excellent likeness. Louis Boulanger has three portraits, and an "Etude de Moresque"; the latter good. Ducornet (who from lack of hands paints with his feet) has a good portrait of General Negrier, who was killed in the insurrection of June, and a very spirited portrait of a young officer, also killed at a barricade. Meissonnier displays a man smoking a pipe, admirably executed in the minutest details, but so small as to escape the attention of the vulgar crowd. Cossmann, whose scenes between Falstaff and Prince Hal excited so much admiration last year, and which have, I believe, been secured for London, has only three works, all portraits, one an exquisite *aquarelle*, the other two remarkable for vigour, expression, and truly excellent colouring. Eugene Delacroix exhibits an "Othello and Desdemona," an "Algerian Domestic Scene," an "Arab and his Horse," all good. The contribution of Muller is "Lady Macbeth, exclaiming against the 'Dammed Spot,'" a finely-conceived, boldly-executed work, though, perhaps, at the first glance, Lady Macbeth seems too small and delicate for such a stern, imperious, dreadful woman. Adolphe Leleux sends a "Constantine Scene," Armand Leleux "A Spanish Interior," both deserving a word of commendation. Rousseau has "A Cat Catching a Mouse," and two farm scenes—good. Flers has several sweet bits of scenery. Bellangé exhibits "Le Depart du Cantonement," "Un Assaut," "Le Fils de la Vivandière," and other military pieces, all of which are equal to his reputation. Gudin gives "The Wreck of a Vessel of the Spanish Armada off the Coast of Scotland," and "A Sporting Scene in Scotland," the sea-piece excellent; and there are besides several other artists, whose works shall be mentioned on another occasion. Among the paintings destined for churches there are, judging from a hasty visit, none at all very remarkable, either for conception or execution; neither are the *paysages*, speaking generally, of striking merit. Of animals the collection is not great, but there is a row of dogs' heads finely done. In sculpture we have a Bust of "Saint Just," by David (d'Angers); a statue of "Spring," by Pradier; a "Christ on the Cross," by Preault; a statue of "Descartes," by Nieuwerkerke; a statuette in bronze

of "Napoleon," and a plaster bust of "Lady Kensington," by Count d'Orsay, both d'Orsay-like, i. e., excellent. In architectural designs the only noticeable feature is, as usual, plenty of plans for the termination of the Louvre, that unfortunate building which has racked the ingenuity of French architects for years; but at length, as you will observe, with a chance of completion. The engravings and lithographs are of the average mark, neither very brilliant nor very execrable.

The *livret* contains, I perceive, the names of some Englishmen, but none of any note. Among the naive artists whose names are missed from this year's catalogue may be mentioned, Ingres, Decamps, Clesinger, Diaz, Couture, Paul Delaroche, Isabey, Scheffer, Flandrin, and J. Dupré. The selecting jury was, as you are aware, elected by ballot, each artist sending a picture having a vote. The result as regards paintings was, that the jury was composed of Léon Cogniet, who got 508 votes; Paul Delaroche, 433; Decamps, 432; Eugene Delacroix, 424; Horace Vernet, 412; Ingres, 375; Fleury, 349; Isabey, 247; Meissonnier, 231; Corot, 217; Abel de Pujol, 213; Picot, 210. This voting is an indication of the personal feeling of the profession towards the artists elected, not of the profession's appreciation of their talent.

It is not in a week in which Paris was trembling on the brink of a sanguinary insurrection that much literary activity can be expected. Nevertheless, I observe that the catalogue of last week's literary productions contains the mention of several works which, though not calling for special notice in a foreign journal, are of such a character as to show not only that literary enterprise is not dead, but that it only awaits the return of public tranquillity to become what it once was,—the means of livelihood or of pecuniary prosperity to thousands—a source of glory to the country. God only knows whether this unfortunate land be arrived at the end of her revolutionary troubles; but, assuredly, there is not a man connected directly or indirectly with literature, or who has the slightest regard for it, who does not devoutly pray that it may; for though it be by the pen that revolutions are caused, and by the pen even more than the sword that they are accomplished, yet the very first consequence of them is to break the pen in the hand of the writer, and make the events of the street and the movements of the mob of far greater temporary interest and importance than the sublimest work he could indite.

English literature has become so much the order of the day here, that it is rare for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the great literary organ of the country, to publish a number which does not contain an elaborate and able examination of some work of one of our popular writers. Bulwer's *King Arthur* is carefully discussed in the last number, and in the course of the last few months, Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Thackeray and others, have been brought up to the *Revue's* tribunal, and dismissed with honour. American writers also are beginning to attract great attention: Longfellow, Melville, and some others, whose names escape me, have been recently criticised.

At length that "Mecca of European intelligence," as Victor Hugo calls the Louvre, is to be completed; at least the government has just presented a bill to the Chamber demanding the necessary funds. Upwards of 1,000,000*l.* sterling will be required—a large sum, no doubt, but such a drop in the ocean of the French budget, and even in that of the city of Paris, that it is a scandalous disgrace to the country that so many years have been allowed to elapse without its being raised for such a great national object. When completed, the Louvre and the Tuileries will form one gigantic building, and be one of the most magnificent in Europe. They will (*en attendant*, probably, the return of the latter to royal occupation) be devoted to the national library, the national collection of pictures, the exhibition of the works of living artists, of manufactures, &c. Apart from the expense, the union of the two palaces has hitherto been prevented by the great architectural difficulty which arises from the two *façades* not being of the same length, and the principal entrance or centre of each not in the same line.



Notwithstanding the political excitement which prevails, the *Presse*, one of our principal—perhaps, all things considered, the principal daily journal—has found it worth its while to resume the publication of Chateaubriand's memoirs in *feuilletons*. This is a gratifying circumstance, both because it is a relief to the weariness caused by political strife, and because it shows that the public taste for "pure literature undefiled" has not been perverted. The recent chapters of Chateaubriand have excited more attention than any that preceded them—they treat of the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, one of the blackest stains on Napoleon's glory; and though there is little that is new in them, they are unquestionably, either from the charm of the writer or that of the subject, exceedingly interesting. At this Chateaubriand's admirers will rejoice, for they have been much pained by seeing the indifference with which his laboriously-concocted and highly-prized memoirs have hitherto been received—partly, perhaps, because they did not fulfil the great expectations which years of puffing caused to be entertained—partly because the revolutionary turmoil of the present rendered that of the past of small concern.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*J. Gideon Millingen.*—On the 7th died Dr. Millingen, a gentleman extensively known, and, wherever known, highly esteemed, and especially in a wide circle of London society. He was sixty-six years of age, and had passed an active life, in a variety of circumstances, and in many parts of the globe. His early years were spent as a surgeon in the medical service of the army, from which he had long retired on half-pay. He then directed his attention to the treatment of insanity, and became distinguished in that very difficult branch of scientific inquiry. He was appointed to the charge of the insane at Hanwell, and was at the head of that department for several years, when, on some difference of opinion with the ruling magistrates, he gave up the appointment, and was succeeded by the present eminent and successful functionary, Dr. Conolly. Dr. Millingen next went to Germany, and practised for a few years at one of the principal watering resorts; but longing to resume the intercourse with friends, and the social habits of his native land, and stimulated besides by the desire to superintend the production of his literary labours, he again settled in London, where for the last five or six years he had resided, taking charge of lunatic patients, and latterly practising with foreigners according to the custom of French and German physicians. In the midst of these avocations, his energetic mind was devoted not only to his profession generally, but to the special investigation of insanity, and to those literary efforts which have been given to the public, and received with gratification, whether they related to grave matters or were of a popular character. His experience, great knowledge of the world, fine taste, vivid acuteness, and intimate acquaintance with persons belonging to every class of life, had stored him with a vast fund of information and anecdote, such as he poured out in these works, and such as rendered his conversational powers almost unequalled. To the stage he was particularly attached, and several of his dramas were highly successful. *Le Roi s'amuse*, and other pieces are still performed at various theatres. He was also a warm friend to individuals connected with the theatrical profession; and introduced several debutants who soon became favourites with the public. He was brother to Mr. Millingen, the antiquary, and talent of no ordinary kind was common to them both. Yet with all his gifts, Dr. Millingen was not the spoilt child of fortune, but had, like most other men of genius, to struggle with the difficulties of worldly pressure. Latterly his health gave way, and his lively spirit and liberal heart sank into the grave. He was a delightful companion, and in his merriest hours was ever communicative of instructive intelligence, which, mingled with his inexhaustible anecdote, both personal and historical, rendered him, as we have said, one whose loss will long be felt and sincerely mourned.

*William Clift, F.R.S.*—Every friend to science, and to private merit and worth, will unite with us in lamenting the death of this modest and excellent man, though at the ripe age of seventy-seven years. Mr. Clift died on the 20th, at his residence in the Hampstead Road. He had been so long known and respected as the conservator of the Hunterian Museum, in the Royal College of Surgeons, (about half a century,) that there is hardly an individual connected with scientific research who will not feel as if they had now lost an old friend; at least, such are our feelings. Mr. Clift was the depository of a vast fund of information, and no one was ever more ready to communicate it to others. In this way he was eminently useful, and many owe him a deep debt of gratitude for valuable assistance, whilst all had to thank him for endless courtesies and kindness. It is stated in the newspapers that Mrs. Clift died a short time since. Their daughter is the wife of Professor Owen, whose office in the Royal College of Surgeons rendered the united services of Mr. Clift and himself most complete.

### MUSIC.

*Her Majesty's.*—Although the Nightingale is flown, the tide of music and ballet is kept up here with undiminished freshness and success. The *Matrimonio* was repeated on Tuesday; and on Thursday Moriani sang, for the first time these five years, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, which was given with an unusually powerful cast, embracing all the best singers of the establishment. Moriani has always appeared to us as one of the finest tragic singers of this day; his *Edgardo*, in the *Lucia*, if equalled, has never been surpassed in the exquisite pathos of his singing of the "Fra poco;" his *Gennaro* is not so successful, and he seems to sacrifice the music in the dying scene to giving a painfully true portrayal of a poisoned man. In the lyric drama, all should, to our notions, be subservient to the music; the senses should be touched by the expression of the music; any more physical means of affecting them rather annoys than pleases a musical person. Mlle. Parodi is more happy in the *Lucrezia* than in anything we have seen her do; the last scene was finely performed, the "Era desso il figlio mio," very expressively sung, and with attitudes quite Pasta-like. Albani was of course very great in the popular ballata, "Il segreto;" and the whole performance must be named with the best of the season.

*Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.*—Mme. Persiani completed her engagement of six nights on Thursday with the part of *Elisetta* in Cimarosa's celebrated *Matrimonio Segreto*. In this we hear our favourite in a new vein—the comic, though not at all bereft of all the elegancies and master-touches of singing for which she is, *par excellence*, so renowned. The great versatility of the gifted artiste is well displayed in this opera; the piquancy with which every bit of fun and sparkling music was given by her, afforded the greatest delight and amusement. In the quarrelling trio, the well-known "Le faccio un' inchino," she was a very focus of the fun, and quite excited the audience with merriment. Grisi as the *Carolina*, and Angri the *Fidalma*, also sang and played their parts with capital effect, and the clever trio was encored with enthusiasm. Tamburini took the part of *Geronimo* for the first time, acting and singing it with the utmost skill. Mario was the *Paolino*, and sang the charming "Pria che spunti" admirably; so that with Tagliafico as the *Conte Robinsone*, a more perfect ensemble could scarcely have been formed. The music of Cimarosa appears to have served as a model for Mozart and Rossini, however much they may be thought to be in advance of him. Having now somewhat of an antiquated character, it is nevertheless exceedingly pleasing, ingenious, and original, and requires no ordinary skill both in singers and orchestra, as well as general management from the "chef de musique," to make it pass off with that buoyancy and light elegance which made it so successful on this occasion, especially when it is remembered that the whole work is sustained by six voices until the finale chorus at the end of the opera. We see that Persiani is announced to

sing in three additional performances, which are to be the *Matrimonio*, the *Don Giovanni*, and the *Nozze di Figaro*.

*Opera Comique, St. James's.*—On Wednesday, for the benefit of Mr. Mitchell, to whom, in the morning, a very handsome piece of plate was presented by the Duke of Beaufort, on behalf of those who contributed to show their sense of the lessee's services, was performed for the first time in this country Rossini's opera, *Comte Ory*. Lafont and Mme. Doche playing in the vaudeville, *Extremes se Touchent*. The attraction was increased by the singing of Mme. Cinti Damoreau between the opera and the vaudeville. The *Comte Ory* was composed for the French stage, and performed in Paris, in 1828, at the Academie Royale, with Cinti Damoreau, Nourrit, and Levasseur. The drama is by Scribe and Delaistre Poirson. The music is quite of the Italian style, and resembles much of that in the *Barbier*. It is equally beautiful with anything the composer has written, with a degree of elegance and piquancy superior to most of his works. We were especially pleased with the duet, "Ah quel respect," sung by Charton and Octave, and the chorus sung behind the scenes, "Noble chate-laine." Mlle. Charton sang charmingly as ever, and M. Octave has not been heard to such advantage before; his voice has gained in power and quality, and he took the high passages with perfect accuracy. Mlle. Guichard was a capital page, and sang excellently. M. Zelger's fine voice told well in the concerted pieces; and M. Buguet, as the *Raimbaud*, sang his *morceau*, in the disguise of the lady pilgrim, capitally. This is one of the most successful performances of the season, now about to end. Mme. Cinti Damoreau sang a composition by her son, M. Cinti, called *Scène de la Dèbutante*, accompanied by M. Benedict, in which she exhibited those powers of facile execution and delicacy of singing for which she was so remarkable; although her voice does not retain all its fine qualities, yet her singing is now very charming from the surprising taste and art she shows in all she touches.

M. Boisselot's *Ne touchez pas à la Reine*, the latest and not the least successful production of the season, deserves a more special mention than we have been able to afford. When first produced in Paris, where especially the stage is the mirror of the times, *Ne touchez pas à la Reine* was a *pièce de circonstance*; the very title was enough to pique the curiosity and stimulate the quick perception of our lively neighbours. The plot was known, the personages familiar to the audience before the curtain rose. By the intrigues of an ill-starred diplomacy, Spanish queens and Spanish marriages, dynastic preferences and irregular influences, were the common scandal of Europe. At any time, however, a subject more adapted to the peculiar exigencies of the Opera Comique could scarcely be imagined, nor could a young composer have desired a happier theme for his first inspirations. The libretto, by the inexhaustible Scribe, and his clever operatic confrère, G. Vaez, is not unworthy of the collaboration. The language is sparkling, full of point and elegance; the situations ingeniously constructed; the plot agreeably sustained; and the dénouement irreproachable, so far as the sympathies of an audience, and the traditions of the Opéra Comique, are concerned. We cannot equally congratulate M. Boisselot on his share in the success. The overture is ambitiously treated; one or two of the concerted pieces may be pronounced clever, but the general character of the score is laboured, rather than sympathetic and spontaneous. Excepting the *Queen's* chansonnette, "Pablo le Mulétier," in the second act, (in which perhaps a slight recollection from the *Ambassadrice* may be traced,) and an effective quintett in the last act, M. Boisselot has not bestowed a single *motif* to haunt and retain the ear. M. Coudere invests the rôle of *Fernand*, the rash subject, the pardoned lover, the accepted consort, with a charm of truth and nature to situations, which, less finely and delicately treated, become simply ridiculous. We may particularize his passionate

\* See *Varities*.

rendering of the recitative, "Je viens aussi, Madame, vers vous pauvre inconnu," in the last scene of the first act, where *Fernand* presents a simple offering of flowers to the woman, instead of pledging his services and devotion to the *Queen*. The pathos he threw into the phrase, "Revenez pauvre fleur," and "O! mon bonheur perdu, je n'ai plus d'avenir, je n'ai plus qu'à mourir," and his acting and singing of this whole scene, as also of the love scene in the second act, were of a high and rare order. Mlle. Charton, as the loving and lovely *Queen*, added another jewel to her own particular crown. Her opening air, "Mon cœur charmé," was delivered with infinite grace and feeling, and her chansonnette in the second act always secures an encore. Her scene with the wily and designing regent, in which the heart of the girl rebels against the dry details of state-intrigue, is the perfection of archness and coquetry, instinct throughout with all that naturalness and gentle pathos of which she has the secret, while her sympathetic singing lends to the music a felicity which it does not possess.

*German Opera, Drury Lane.*—Spohr's *Faust* was performed on Monday for the benefit of the chorus, certainly the most meritorious, though the least remunerated part of the company; it is to be regretted that a work in which their good qualities would have been more brought out was not chosen. The part of *Faust* had been allotted to Pischek, but it was taken by Herr Stepan; that of *Mephistopheles* was sung by Herr Formes; a Mlle. Oswald, of the Frankfurt theatre, was the *Röschen*; Mlle. Von Romani was the *Kunigunde*. With regard to the performance of this work, so much admired in Germany, we can only say that a very imperfect notion of its real merits could be formed from the hearing it had on Monday; with the exception of Formes's singing and acting, which were admirable, the whole music was completely obscured and marred by the insufficiency of the band, and the vain attempts of the singers. We observe that the company are about to migrate to the Princess's Theatre, where, perhaps, their limited resources will be heard to greater advantage.

*M. Jullien's Congres Musical.*—The second of these extraordinary performances came off on Friday, the 15th, at Exeter Hall. The chief attraction was the music of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, which was presented in the form of a fantasia, partly vocal and partly instrumental; but even this imperfect presentation was very much damaged by the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, who was unable to sing on account of severe illness. M. Jullien explained that he had hoped up to the last hour he would have been able to sing, and announced that König would take the tenor part on the cornet. We should be sorry to consider this performance as more than a resemblance to the work which has excited so much admiration; it seemed to us that Jullien had conferred a tone of exaggeration to the music, and that the dance music in particular, "The Skater's Waltz," and the Mazurka, was made much too prominent for a grave work like *The Prophète*. The psalm "Iterum ad solutares undas," is a simple and grand strain of solemn music, and the romance, "Ta pauvre mère," sung charmingly by Thillon, is also expressive and beautiful.

The "Marche du couronnement" and grand finale were at any rate given with all the noise and overpowering strength that the extraordinary gathering of military and civil bands, triple choruses, monster drums, and oblique, with the magnificent organ, could be made to pour forth, and yet after all we felt that *The Prophète* of Meyerbeer had not appeared to us. A miscellaneous selection followed, in which Mlle. Jetty de Treffz, Mme. Thillon, Mlle. Nau, Pischek and Mr. Whitworth sang; Ernst played his "Fantasia sur des melodies Hongroises," exhibiting most surprising mastery over the instrument; and afterwards the andante and variations of Beethoven's sonata in A minor with Hallé, who also delighted us with his performance of Weber's Concert Stück, so often played, but rarely with such exquisite delicacy, taste, and brilliancy. M. Vivier played a solo on the French horn, remarkable for the extraordinary faculty displayed of playing double notes and chromatic

passages, but altogether a more astonishing than pleasing performance. A part only of the Ode Symphony "Le Desert," by Felicien David, was performed, which was sadly mutilated, and after sundry misunderstandings between the energetic conductor and his unwieldy multitude of performers was abruptly brought to a close by the final chorus, "Allah, Allah."

In a third part the grand selection from the Huguenots was curtailed into the "Benediction of the Poignards" chorus and the grand finale. So far as the assemblage of a crowded audience, this concert was highly successful, but we cannot say as much of the musical arrangements.

*Herr Maximilian Bohrer's Matinée* at Willis's Rooms, on Monday, was superior to the generality of concerts, and afforded us the pleasure of hearing a serenade for five violoncellos, double-bass, and drums, by Schwenke, a very beautiful work, which was exquisitely played by some of the very best performers, viz., Piatti, Lucas, Haussmann, Cosmann, Pollack, Erber, and led by Bohrer. A son of Herr Bohrer played the concerto for piano, in E flat, (Beethoven,) and a duet of Osborne's, with Madame Dulcken, for two pianos, and showed qualities of great merit in so young a player. Herr Bohrer is a violoncellist of the Romberg style, and plays with great dexterity and neatness; but we do not consider such music as the *cachuca* at all calculated either to exhibit any really high qualities the player may possess, or the true feeling of the instrument. Mme. Palm, Jetty de Treffz, Pischek, M. Stigelli, and Mlle. Graumann, with the Hungarians, formed the vocal relief party.

Mr. Frederick Chatterton, the well-known harpist, gave a concert at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday last, which was very fully attended. The programme consisted of only thirty different performances, by various popular singers—Giulio Regondi, Mr. W. H. Palmer (pianist), M. Apollinary de Kotski (violinist); but the only one calling for remark was the new national trio (MS.) for violin, tenor, and violoncello, by G. F. Flowers, founded on "God save the Queen," and played for the first time. This is a very clever work, and does credit to the talents of the author, already so well known for his theory of counterpoint.

*Exeter Hall.*—On Wednesday, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given under the direction of Mr. Hullah in very creditable style. On Friday, the Sacred Harmonic performance, by desire of the Queen, the *Athletic* of Mendelssohn, and the *Dettingen Te Deum*.

*Strauss's Band* gave their last concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday last, and played a capital selection from their repertoire. The waltzes called "The Wanderer's Farewell," as performed at her Majesty's state ball, the "Defilir March," and the "March No. 2" of the Spanish Noble Guards' Marches (MS.), struck us as particular happy specimens of the playing of this most accomplished dance band.

### THE DRAMA.

*Haymarket.*—A tragedy called *Strathmore* was produced here on Wednesday evening, and was received, by a tolerably full house, with loud and continued applause from the beginning to the end, without a single dissentient voice; the author and the principal performers being complimented by a call before the curtain at the conclusion of the piece. The period of the story is 1679—the place Scotland; and in the opening scenes we are forcibly reminded of Scott's *Old Mortality*. The play, like the tale, opens immediately after the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, and the position of the principal characters is nearly the same; for Henry Morton—joining the rebels from a sense of the justice of their cause, and without participating in their wild and blood-thirsting fanaticism, struggling between love and duty—we have *Strathmore*, (Mr. Kean); for Major Bellenden we have *Sir Rupert Lorn*, (Mr. H. Hughes), a loyalist; and for Edith Bellenden we have *Katharine Lorn*, (Mrs. Kean), to whom *Strathmore*, a friend of her father, *Sir Rupert*, is betrothed, and from whom he separates, as does Morton in the novel, on account of his political differences with her family. On leaving the

castle of *Sir Rupert*, *Strathmore* joins the insurgents, by whom an attack upon the Castle (apparently suggested by the siege of Tillietudlem) is immediately made, *Strathmore* consenting to assume the command of the attacking forces, in order to save his friend's family from falling into the hands of the rude and unscrupulous leaders of his party, and that he may shield *Sir Rupert* from the consequences of his having slain an insurgent preacher, whose death the rebels are eager to avenge upon his person. The castle is taken, and the rest of the tragedy is chiefly made up by a series of scenes developing the conflict in *Strathmore's* bosom, which arises from the necessity he is under of condemning to death the father of his betrothed, and his desire to yield as well to his own impulses of mercy as to the pleadings of *Katharine Lorn*, who appeals most forcibly to his affection for her, and his sense of gratitude towards her father. He, however, resists her entreaties, and at the juncture when delay becomes impossible, the castle is retaken by the loyalists; and *Strathmore*, wounded in the fight, lives only long enough to obtain from the lips of his mistress an avowal that his conduct has been right, and an injunction to die rather than abandon his principles, although, as he is mortally wounded, it is not easy to see in what way he could avail himself of a pardon. From the above sketch it will be seen that, while there is considerable interest in the story, and room for great display of acting in some of the situations, which are really dramatic, there is not enough to occupy five acts; and the story is accordingly lengthened by two underplots, which serve to retard the conduct of the main plot, and to divert the attention of the audience from the fortunes of the principal characters. This, as well as the spreading over five acts, which had better have been produced in three, being a submission to the necessity which is supposed to exist of writing plays upon the model of our older dramatists—a fancied necessity, which has shackled the energies of our play writers, and by tempting them to strive rather to reproduce than to create, has cramped their originality, and by inducing them to wire-draw their materials, has greatly tended to destroy the interest felt by the public in dramatic representations. The author of *Strathmore* is Mr. Westland Marston, a gentleman whose dramatic success we believe, been greatly retarded by his deference to a false school of criticism, from whose trammels, however, to judge by his present production, he is fast escaping. *Strathmore* is certainly in advance of his previous efforts. There is much poetry and good writing, less of puzzling sophistry, and more of the essentially dramatic in form and treatment.

The acting of Mrs. Kean as the heroine was truly fine, and completely realized the conception of the author; while we have never seen her husband play a part so carefully studied, and into which he threw more individuality of character. Mr. Buckstone, Miss Reynolds, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam are included in the cast, as well as Mr. Stuart, whom we are glad to see back at this theatre; he made a great deal of a small part. We must not omit to mention Mr. Howe, who greatly to his credit played very well a part that is said to have been "refused" by no fewer than four gentlemen to whom it was offered. The scenery and dresses are new and strikingly characteristic, and (if we except a court-yard, in which the ecclesiastical is mixed up with the domestic style of architecture, to a greater extent than prevails in Scottish edifices of the class) correct.

*Marylebone.*—The active management of this elegant little suburban theatre has this week given to the public another novelty in the form of a five-act drama, by Mr. Spicer. It is called the *Witch Wife*, and is founded upon the not improbable story, that Matthew Hopkins, the celebrated *Witch Finder*, made a false accusation of witchcraft his means of revenge against a beautiful woman for her rejection of his addresses; the chief grounds of his accusation being a frolic, in which the said young lady and her companions torment a foolish lover, in the disguise and character of witches meeting in a lonely tower, and her rescue being effected by the sudden appearance, at the trial,



of her favoured lover, armed with a commission from the King that enables him to supersede the ignorant judges who are about to send her to execution. This story is made the groundwork of a most agreeable play, clear and forcible in its dialogue, and carried on smoothly and with considerable interest to the dénouement. It is well acted by Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport, as the heroine and hero, and Mr. Johnston as the *Witch Finder*. Mr. Ray, as a weak-minded, kind old man, the uncle of the heroine, produced a favourable impression of his talents by the care and skill with which he acted a somewhat difficult part. The scenery is excellent, and the concluding scene of the trial of the witches arranged with a striking appearance of reality. This play is another instance of the careful manner in which everything is produced here.

*Dombey and Son*, dramatised by Mr. W. Sidney, is excellently performed here, the character of *Mr. Toots* is capably developed by Mr. J. Herbert; and Miss Saunders plays that of the *Grinder*, one of Dickens's happy hits, with wonderful cleverness, reminding one of Bouffé.

### VARIETIES.

The Artists' Benevolent Fund observed its anniversary on Saturday, at Freemasons' Tavern, Sir W. Stirling in the chair. The meeting was not very numerous, but the proceedings went on very satisfactorily; and a subscription of nearly 340*l.* was the result.

Mr. Mitchell, whose great enterprise in producing the French drama at the St. James's Theatre has justly deserved public patronage and personal distinction, was presented with a silver Salver, in the name of the frequenters of these entertainments, through the hands of the Duke of Beaufort, who addressed the lessee in a complimentary manner; and also with a Cup from the mortgagees of the Theatre, presented by Dr. Daniell. Mr. Mitchell made a suitable acknowledgment, and stated that he had expended 120,000*l.* on the undertaking.

*Highland Games*.—Almost in unison with this has been the exhibition of manly Highland exercises and sports during Wednesday and Thursday, in Holland Park. The competition at throwing the hammer, putting the stone, broadsword fencing, archery, the sword-dance, Strathspeys, reels, &c., displayed noble strength and agility; and the prizes ought to have been five times as many as they were, to reward all the deserving candidates. In a recent *Gazette* we expressed our reasons for the cordial approbation of such popular Olympiads, and we trust they will be very generally revived throughout the empire.

*Glen Tilt*.—By a decision of the Court of Session in Edinburgh, the Glen Tilt case has been given against the Duke of Athol, and that beautiful right of way must be kept open for tourists and all others whom it may concern.

*Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment*.—(Ollivier.) Suppose 210*l.* had been given 210 years ago, in trust, to pay certain proportions to a dean and chapter and, other proportions to educate a certain number of persons, and send them to College—say 5*l.* per annum to twenty boys, equal to 100*l.*; and so much to the officials of the cathedral as exhausted the whole, or nearly the whole trust, equal to 110*l.*; and suppose, from the increase of the value of property, this 210*l.* had become a revenue of 2100*l.* a year, the writer (Mr. B.—, we believe) plunges into the cathedral trusts (especially Rochester), and asserts that while the education use is confined to its old nominal 100*l.*, the rest of the 2100*l.* (or nearly so) is appropriated by the deans and canons to themselves. Tables, returns, and statements support this charge.

*Parliamentary Grants*.—The House of Commons has voted 10,000*l.* for the expenses of the School of Design; 4000*l.* for the expenses of the University of London; 7480*l.* to pay grants to Scottish universities; 300*l.* for the Royal Irish Academy; 300*l.* for the Royal Hibernian Academy; 6000*l.* for the Royal Dublin Society; 3100*l.* for the Royal Belfast Academical Institution, and for salaries of theological pro-

fessors at Belfast; 30,288*l.* for new buildings, fittings &c., at the British Museum; and 1500*l.* to enable the trustees thereof to defray expenses incurred in procuring antiquities for the Museum. The latter grant goes (as mentioned in a former *Gazette*) towards the expenses of continuing excavations in Assyria, and the transport of antiquities to England. 1500*l.* for the expenses of the National Gallery, and an excuse of want of money made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for not providing a receptacle for the Vernon Gallery this year; 18,000*l.* to defray the expenses of the geological survey of Great Britain and Ireland, the Museum of Practical Geology, London, and the Museum of Irish Industry, Dublin; 5000*l.* to defray the expense of magnetic observatories at Toronto, St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, and Van Diemen's Land, and for observations and services carrying on under the direction of the Astronomer Royal and Colonel Sabine; and 2800*l.* for decoration of the pedestal of the column in Trafalgar-square to the memory of Lord Nelson.

*Waterspouts*.—The phenomena of several waterspouts, doing considerable damage to the country and houses in their course, are described in the *Cheltenham Examiner*, as having traversed the Mendip district from the hills. One of the torrents where the spout fell is stated to have been sixteen feet deep!

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abbott's (Jacob) Life of Alexander the Great, 12mo, cloth, 5*s.*  
Annual Register, vol. 90, 1848, 8vo, boards, 16*s.*  
Archæological Journal, vol. 5, 8vo, cloth, 12*s.*  
Ashley's Etchings in Copper, 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*  
Bachelor of the Albany, second edition, post 8vo, cloth, 9*s.*  
Bayford's (Dr.) Speech in Case of Gorham *versus* Exeter, 8vo, cloth, 7*s.*  
Bickmore's (G. W. E.) Four Tables of Complete Chronology, 4to, cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*  
Historical and Chronological Questions, 12mo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*  
adapted to Universal History, in the Family Library, Parts I and II, 12mo, cloth, each 3*s.* 6*d.*  
Braithwaite's Retrospect, vol. 19, 12mo, cloth, 6*s.*  
Bryson's (Dr. A.) Report on Climate and Principal Diseases of the African Station, royal 8vo, half boards, 8*s.*  
Carr's Examination Questions on History of Greece, second edition, 12mo, cloth, 1*s.*  
Confessions of a Hypochondriac, post 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*  
Cunningham's Hand Book of London, 2 vols., post 8vo, cloth, 24*s.*  
Fanny Hervey; or the Mother's Choice, 2 vols., post 8vo, 18*s.*  
Gibson's (B. D.) Short Services for Family Worship, 12mo, 2*s.*  
Kirkland's (Mrs.) Holidays Abroad; or Europe from the West, 2 vols., 12mo, 15*s.*  
Lives of the Lindseys, 3 vols., 8vo, cloth, £2 2*s.*  
Lynch's (W. F.) United States Expedition to the Jordan, &c., 8vo, cloth, 21*s.*  
Maiden Aunt (The) by S. M., foolscap, cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*  
Martin's (W.) The Parlor Book, square, cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*  
Reports of Forensic Meetings, held in connexion with Mr. Colston's Academy, 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*  
Richter (Jean Paul) Life of, second edition, post 8vo, cloth, 8*s.*  
Sharpe's Magazine, vol. 9, royal 8vo, cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*  
Shipman's Attorney's Pocket Book, 12mo, cloth, 12*s.*  
Symon's (J. C.) Tactics for the Times, 8vo, cloth, 7*s.*  
Thorpe's (Rev. W.) Plain Thoughts on Important Subjects, post 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*  
Wapshare's (Jas.) Harmony of the Word of God, vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*  
Woodman (The) a Romance, by G. P. R. James, 3 vols, post 8vo, cloth, £1 11*s.* 6*d.*

#### DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1849.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
June 23 . . . . .	12 1 48.3	June 27 . . . . .	12 2 39.2
24 . . . . .	2 12	28 . . . . .	2 51.5
25 . . . . .	2 14.0	29 . . . . .	3 3.7
26 . . . . .	2 25.7		

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.**—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is now OPEN, from Eight o'clock till Seven, One Shilling. Catalogue, One Shilling.  
JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.**  
The GALLERY with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, including the TOWN COLLECTION of the EARL of YARBOROUGH, is OPEN daily from Ten to Six. Admission, 1*s.* Catalogue, 1*s.*  
GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

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JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

**HAKLUYT SOCIETY, established for the purpose of printing rare or unpublished Voyages and Travels.**  
The Society's first publication for 1849, viz.:—*NARRATIVES OF VOYAGES towards the NORTH-WEST in search of a passage to CATHAY and INDIA, 1495 to 1631, with Selections from the Early Records of the Hon. R. I. Company, and from MSS. in the British Museum, by T. RUNDALL, Esq.*, is now ready, and will be delivered to Subscribers by Mr. T. Richards, 100, St. Martin's Lane, to whom all directions on the subjects are to be addressed.

The following Works are in the course of preparation:—*REHUM MOSCOWITICARUM COMMENTARI: the earliest account of RUSSIA, by SIGISMUND VON HERBERSTEIN, to be translated from the rare editions of 1549 and 1556, by R. H. MAJOR, Esq.*

The EAST INDIA VOYAGE of Sir HENRY MIDDLETON in 1694-5, from the rare edition of 1696. Edited by BOLTON CORNEY, Esq.

TRESWELL: Relation of such things as were observed to happen in the Journey of CHARLES, EARL of NOTTINGHAM, Ambassador to the King of Spain, 1608. With additions, to be edited by W. B. RYE, Esq.

Names and subscriptions are received by the Society's Bankers, Messrs. Bouverie and Co., 11, Haymarket; by the Secretary, R. H. Meior, 4, Albion Place, Cannon Square; and by the Society's Agent, T. Richards, 100, St. Martin's Lane.  
N.B. The Subscription is payable in advance on the 1st January.

**HIGH SCHOOL, in Connexion with the LIVERPOOL MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.**—WANTED, a HEAD MASTER.—A Gentleman is Wanted to Undertake the Entire Superintendence and Management of the High School, in connexion with the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution.

The School is designed for a Seminary, in which Youths may be adequately prepared either for entering upon University Studies, or for engaging in the ordinary business of life, and the Education given is therefore of the most liberal and comprehensive character.

The Head Master must be a thorough Classical Scholar, with such a knowledge of other branches of Instruction, and of the business of Education generally, as will enable him to direct efficiently the whole course of Study pursued in the School, and to select Qualified Persons to act under him as Teachers.

The Emoluments will depend altogether upon the success of the School. The fees at present received would yield to the Head Master an income of from £250 to £400 per annum, but this amount may probably soon be more than doubled.

Applications must be lodged on or before the 20th July. The Appointment is intended to be made on or before the 1st of August, and the Gentleman elected will be required to enter on his duties on 1st October.

Further Particulars will be given by the Secretary, to whom all Communications on the subject may be addressed.  
(Signed) W. NICHOL, Secretary.

Mount Street, 19 June, 1849.

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